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The Sketch

No. 2323—Vol. CLXXIX. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL TANQUERAY.

VEILED FOR THE EVENING.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER *is one of the well-dressed women who follow the 1937 fancy for wearing a light veil over the hair when in full evening dress. She is the wife of the seventh Duke of Leinster, Premier Duke of Ireland, and is American by birth. She was Miss Rafaelle Kennedy, and is a daughter of Mr. Robert Davidson Kennedy.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

IGNORANCE NO BLISS.

It is not often that I toy lightly with the higher, or even the lower, mathematics, but occasionally an uneasy conscience—or a restless mind, as the case may be—goads me into trying to get some glimmering of things which apparently are as clear as crystal to babes and sucklings nowadays. One such attempt I have made recently, on the recommendation of a judicious friend. He told me that the really interesting things which mathematicians have to tell us nowadays are not about mathematics, but about the nature of Truth. Now, like George Washington, I have been interested since boyhood in Truth. But, like hundreds of millions of other human beings (including, I dare say, George Washington), I have never found any satisfactory answer to the question asked by Pilate some considerable time ago. (By the way, why Bacon thought he was "jesting," I have never understood. It was a very sensible question, made, one would have thought, in all seriousness.) So I read a book by a mathematician — "distinguished," of course, as all mathematicians are — which examined the attempted answers to Pilate's question throughout the ages.

I will not now ask you to follow the argument. We should soon be in deep waters, where I should very probably get the cramp and you might get the hump. Besides, I doubt—strange as it may seem—whether the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth could be compressed within the limits of this page. Suffice it to say that, after the learned author's survey of the entire history of human thought, Pilate is still batting at the close of play. Not that it matters; Pilate has gone to what they call in the House of Commons, "another place"; perhaps he knows all about it by now or perhaps he still "stays for an answer."

But this entertaining book, though it has left Truth still at the bottom of the well, has given me a lesson—indeed, a shock, though I might have expected it. It has brought it home to me that I am even more ignorant than I thought I was. I can calmly face the fact that I don't understand Space-Time or the Fourth Dimension, because I have long since realised, with resignation, that if I live to be a thousand, I shall never really grasp these things. What perturbs me is that tremendous, epoch-making events have happened, within comparatively recent times, of which I have never heard, and which I did not even suspect. These events are of such obvious importance that they ought to be as familiar to every person of average intelligence and education as, say, 1066 A.D. or 1914 A.D. But, I repeat, I, for one, had never heard of them. You may be more fortunate. Let us see.

"SO YOU WON'T TALK, EH?"

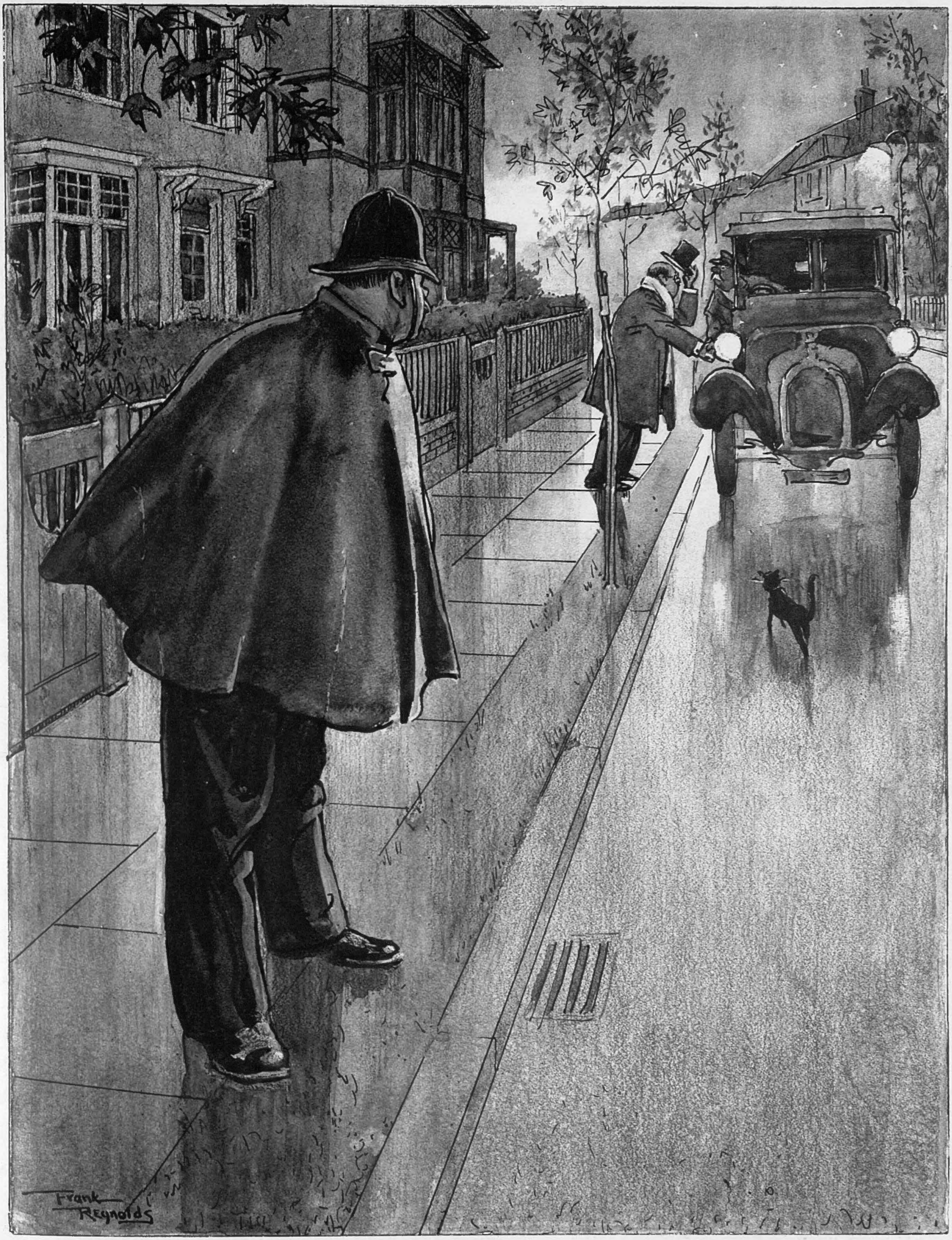
DRAWN BY VICKY.

Did you know (come clean, now!) that in 1826 there was a complete revolution in human thought? It amounted to no less than that, because it took Geometry and stood it on its head—a considerable feat, as anybody will admit. What happened in 1826 was that a certain ingenious Russian arose and smashed Euclid. Well, a good many young people will be grateful to him for that; they will feel that smashing Euclid is a much more useful employment for Russian *savants* than liquidating the *bourgeoisie*. I remember that even when I was at school, Euclid was beginning to lose caste a little; at all events, we were told that the products of his morbid imagination were not to be called "Euclid," but "Geometry"—not that the name made any difference to the loathly stuff. But we certainly did not realise that Euclid had been an arrant impostor since 1826 (I wish we had!), and that all his propositions and theorems were bunk from beginning to end. That is what this Russian proved. He knocked all Euclid's axioms and postulates kite-high, and in particular, he demolished this deluded and over-rated Greek's notions about parallel lines.

Anybody can appreciate a joke at Euclid's expense, but this is no laughing matter. If parallel lines are not parallel, if the whole is not greater than the part, if any two sides of a triangle are not greater than the third—in short, if we can't get a firm foothold on the Pons Asinorum, where *can* we get a firm foothold? Nevertheless, axioms and postulates have been dead and buried for more than a century. The chap who killed them was called Lobatchewsky. Had you ever heard of him? No? Shake hands, my brother dunce! We will go to the bottom of the class together.

Then, according to my erudite informant, an even more world-shaking event occurred as recently as 1930. It was nothing less than the complete debunking of Aristotle — indeed, it amounted almost to the debunking of Truth itself. For more than two thousand years, simple souls like you and me had accepted from Aristotle the proposition that a thing must be either true or false. In 1930 a mathematician — I beg his pardon, a distinguished mathematician — up and knocked the bottom out of this absurd notion. This time it was not a Russian, but a Pole. He invented a thing called the "many-valued truth-system," and the upshot is that since 1930 Aristotle has been as dead as Euclid and both as dead as pork. Of course you know who this Pole was. What, you *don't*? Well, though I blush to have to tell you, his name was Lucasiewicz. Never heard of *him* either? I am surprised and pained; but, believe me, you are not the only one. Lose no time in putting Lucasiewicz along with Paderewski and Pilsudski, which I don't mind betting, are the only other Polish names you know. You will find it very handy in argument to be able to remark crushingly: "What you say is quite true, in the Aristotelian sense, but Lucasiewicz has shown that Aristotelian truth is all blither. So shut up!"

It is all very discouraging. Euclid and Aristotle we know, or at least have heard of, by dint of an expensive education; and then greater men arise and leave footprints all over the sands of time—and we do not even know their names! Such is fame! And such is the ignorance of us highly-civilised persons!



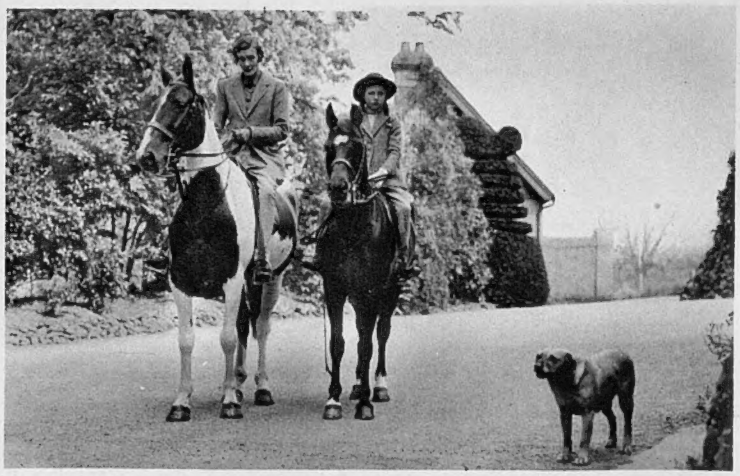
THE BRISTLEWOODS.

Mr. Bristlewood returns from a reunion dinner.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE ABBEYS OF GREYFRIARS.

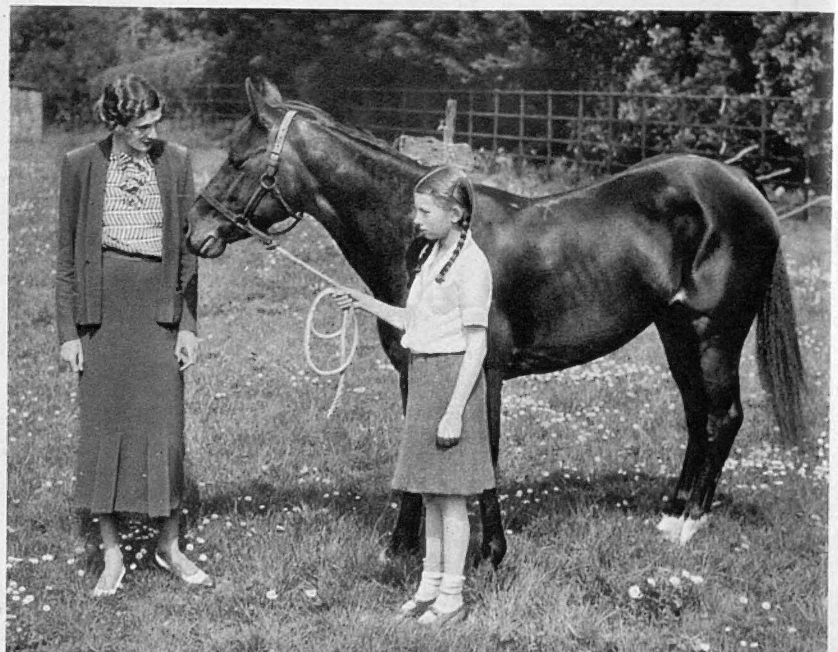
GREYFRIARS, *Storrington, Sussex, is the delightful home of Captain and Lady Ursula Abbey. He is a son of Mr. W. H. Abbey, of Sedgwick Park; and was formerly in the Rifle Brigade. She is the second daughter of Earl Cairns.*



LADY URSULA ABBEY *and her elder daughter,* JULIA, *who was born in 1925, are fond of hacking. They are off for a ride.*

Right: LADY URSULA ABBEY *and* JULIA *and the family pets are admiring baby* GLORIA ABBEY.

GLORIA ABBEY *is pretty steady on her feet, she'd have you know—especially when she gets support from her mother.*



LADY URSULA ABBEY *and* JULIA *in the paddock with the pony, which is a great favourite.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

OFF TO THE SEASIDE.

H.R.H. *the* DUCHESS OF KENT *and her children,* H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF KENT *and baby* H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT, *went to the seaside last week—just like many a less important family. They are seen here leaving the royal residence in Belgrave Square, en route for Bloody Point House, on the Kentish coast, which H.R.H. the Duke of Kent has taken for the children. On the way, the royal car was involved in a collision, but fortunately no one was injured. The Duke and Duchess will visit the Continent while the children are by the seaside.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

WITH the arrival of August, activity among tunny anglers becomes apparent. I have received word from Mr. W. J. Clarke, of Scarborough, that the first tunny have been reported by a steam-trawler over forty miles off Scarborough. Salmon fishermen at Girvan, where a long-finned tunny was taken a year or two ago, discovered in their nets on July 15 a small fish weighing 8 lb. Mr. George Heneage, a member of the British Tunny Club, believed it to be a baby tunny. He purchased the fish and sent it to London. On hearing this, I guessed it would be sent to the Natural History Museum, so telephoned to Mr. J. R. Norman. He had received the specimen and identified it as an ocean bonito, which, though common in tropical waters, has rarely been found around our coasts. Mr. Fred Taylor, who is one of the old hands at tunny-fishing and author of a useful little book, "Tunny Fishing for Beginners," told me that he intends to have a week at Scarborough, and also a week at Mousehole, where he hopes to try for a Cornish tunny. I expect some of these elusive tunny will be taken this season, and hope that Mr. Taylor catches the first one as a reward for his perseverance.

COLONEL PHILIP MITFORD *is seen with a* CATCH OF FORTY-FOUR SAITHE, *averaging 12 lb. each, caught by him in a couple of hours' fishing at Ullapool, Ross-shire.*

Here is MR. H. D. BRISCOE *with a* SPLENDID TROUT OF 8 LB. 13 OZ., *caught in the River Traun, Gmunden, Austria. It was caught on fly—probably a large one, as generally used for these big Traun trout.*

Tunny Buttons. According to the recently issued 1937 Handbook of the British Tunny Club, seventeen buttons—three blue, six orange, and eight grey—were awarded last season to members of the Club for catching tunny. Up to the present no one has obtained a green button, for landing a tunny or other fish on line of a maximum dry breaking strain of 80 lb. The other buttons are only awarded for fish of over 200 lb. caught on lines of maximum breaking strain of 100 lb., 130 lb., and 160 lb. respectively. In view of the inclusion of "other fish" in the rules and conditions governing the award, the failure to stipulate a minimum weight for fish which are eligible in the green-button class appears to be an oversight. Captain C. H. Frisby, V.C., is President of the Club this year, and, in a foreword to the handbook, offers a hearty welcome to overseas visitors at the Club-room at Scarborough. One of the members, Mr. W. W. Dowding, has achieved fame while in New Zealand by landing a world's record thresher shark of 922 lb. I noticed a picture of this huge shark in a catalogue of big-game fishing-tackle just issued. The catalogue also contains a most interesting illustrated account of big-game fishing in New Zealand by Mr. G. Alma Baker, noted big-game angler.

Two Grand Trout. Over the telephone, Mr. A. E. Neale, of the Old Vicarage, Hertford, told me that, on the previous evening he caught a trout of 6 lb. 8½ oz. in the little River Beane, which runs into the Lee. The shade of Izaak Walton, who used to fish here, may have been watching Mr. Neale play this great trout on gossamer gut. Certainly consummate skill was required, if no spiritual assistance was forthcoming, to play a fish of this weight for 1 hour and 20 minutes on 4x gut. Is it to be wondered, when the crucial moment arrived, that Mr. Neale would not entrust to anyone else the task of netting the trout? A bungled attempt and broken cast would indeed have been a tragedy. The dry fly which rose this big fellow was a coch-y-bondhu—a favourite fly of mine. The other trout to which I alluded in my heading was caught on June 21, by Mr. R. Kendall, on Loch Rannoch, and weighed 8 lb. Mr. Kendall was using a three-fly cast, and a small Butcher on the dropper attracted the trout, which put up a great fight, lasting over an hour, before the gillie gaffed it. I have not heard of a larger trout caught on fly this season.

Encounter with Sunfish. Writing from Carbis Bay, West Cornwall, Dr. E. Gordon Reeve reports wretched sport owing to a scarcity of pollack, which is rather curious, as at Coverack good catches are being had. However, a sunfish livened up the proceedings, on one occasion, while fishing near the Runnel Stone. It was decided to drift, with the usual long strips of mackerel hooked at one end as bait. Dr. Reeve was fishing with an Allcock rod, 24 lb. Ashaway line, and a 5/5 new salmon cast, as when drifting the pollack have to be held tight. They passed over the Carne Rock and could see the seaweed as they drifted on. Dr. Reeve let out line to keep his bait near the rock as long as possible, and then found he was fast. He pulled hard, but could not break away, when suddenly there was a commotion on the surface, and a sunfish of 50 lb. to 70 lb. appeared. Away went the sunfish very fast, and the boatman started the engine to follow it. When the clutch was let in the engine stopped, and by this time the sunfish was about 100 yards off. Dr. Reeve managed to turn him, and as the engine had now been restarted, hoped to be able to land him. Vain hope, however, for the line suddenly went slack, and on reeling in, Dr. Reeve found the bait still on, but the hook was broken well below the barb. This was the first time he had used a cheap hook, and it will probably be the last, also. However, he and his companions, Miss Betty Elkington and Mr. Rowat, likewise Boatman Ben, had a very exciting ten minutes.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

On July 14, Mrs. S. Hills, spinning from a boat at Dover, had two bass, 9 lb. 1 oz. and 4 lb. 5 oz. Her husband had three 11 lb. 5 oz., 7 lb., and 4 lb.

A large number of grilse and sea-trout ran into the Deveron during a four-foot flood on July 11. Good sport has been had since with sea-trout averaging 3 lb in weight. The heaviest killed during the week was a fine fish of 13½ lb. at Dunlugas.

On Loch Ness a thirteen-year-old schoolboy killed an 18 lb. salmon—his first fish.

An eel weighing 5 lb. 2 oz., believed to be a record for the district, was caught in Beeby's Pit, Peterborough, by Mr. E. Speechley.

R. L. MARSTON.

MR. LUNGE *killed this* 149-LB. THRESHER SHARK *off the outside ledge-buoy, Christchurch.*

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

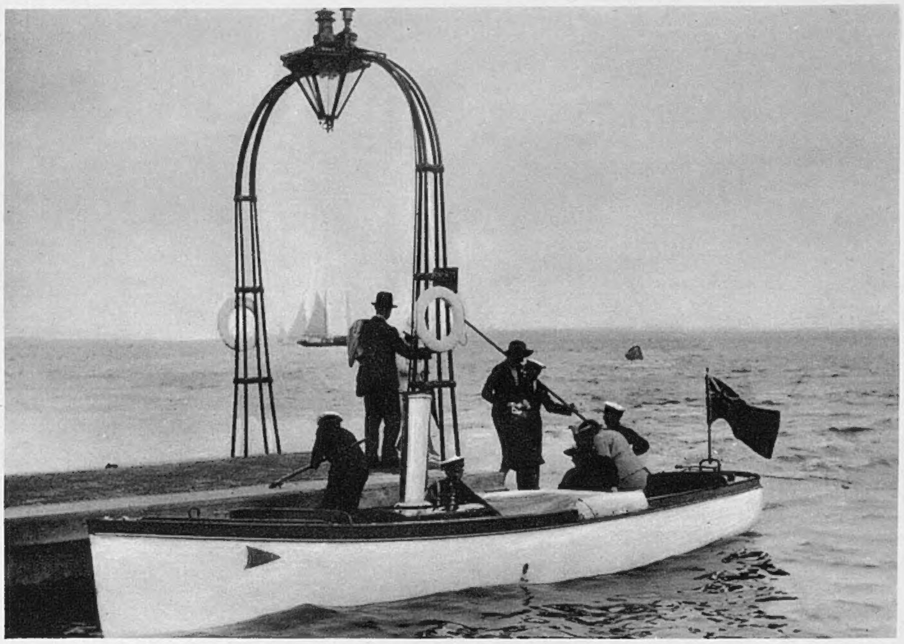
"GAFFERS," "CASTERS" AND "PINKS" AT GLANUSK PARK.

Left: The USK VALLEY CASTING CLUB *held their annual tournament last week. The Club members are known as "Casters" and the lady members as "Pinks," while original members are "Gaffers."* "CASTER" C. J. B. EGERTON *is talking to* MRS. HARCOURT VERNON *and* MISS MORRISON-BELL.

Right; "PINK" MISS MORRISON-BELL *and* "CASTER" COLONEL R. VERDIN *appear to be in conference. The tournament took place at Glanusk Park, the seat of Lord Glanusk, at Crickhowell, in Breconshire.*

A general view of the assembled company of "Casters" and "Pinks" and their friends. MRS. EVAN THOMAS *is casting from the raft nearest the camera, while, in the distance, another competitor is in action. Mrs. Evan Thomas was third in the Overhead Salmon Fly Casting (Distance) and won the "Usk Valley Jewel." Last week, it will be remembered, we gave some photographs of the competitors at the British Casting Association Competition at Ranelagh.*

DOWN TO THE SOLENT IN YACHTS.



COWES WEEK *is here and yachting Society is afloat in the Solent. Enthusiasts arrived last week, before the opening of the Regatta. Here, for instance, are members of* MRS. HICKMAN MORGAN'S PARTY *boarding her steam launch to go aboard the " Boadicea."*

MR. CHARLES D'ANYERS WILLIS, *of Fineshade Abbey, and* MRS. D'ANYERS WILLIS *(formerly Miss Ursula Kearsly) are with* MISS CROSS.

COLONEL *and* MRS. NOEL *arrived at Cowes with* MISS SUSAN NOEL, *and were snapped taking a stroll.*

MR. THOMAS LAIDLAW *and* MR. MICHAEL MASON, *from the " Latifa," are seen coming ashore with* SIR RICHARD WILLIAMS BULKELEY, BT., *Commodore of the R.Y.S. (centre).*

MR. VERNON *is with* GENERAL *and* MRS. ERNEST RICHARD FITZPATRICK, *who are enthusiastic yachting people. They live at Crediton, in Devonshire.*

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

A VERY YOUNG DIPLOMATIC HOSTESS.

LADY LAMPSON *must be one of the world's youngest diplomatic hostesses. She is the wife of Sir Miles Lampson, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.V.O., British Ambassador to Egypt, and formerly High Commissioner. She is the only daughter of Sir Aldo and Lady Castellani, and married Sir Miles Lampson, as his second wife, in 1934. She has spent part of Coronation Season in London and was presented on her marriage by Mrs. Anthony Eden at the Court on July 1.*

COWDRAY PARK POLO IN GOODWOOD WEEK.

The COWDRAY PARK POLO TOURNAMENT *is an annual fixture in Goodwood Week. The Cowdray team consists of* VISCOUNT COWDRAY, MR. LAKIN, CAPTAIN DOLLAR, *and* MAJOR J. F. HARRISON. *Cowdray beat Friar Park on the opening day, Lord Cowdray scoring three goals for his side during the first chukka and throughout the game keeping the opponents on the defensive. He scored six goals in all.*

LORD BARNBY, *who played for the Wallabies, is with* MISS AUDREY HARRISON.

Right: MR. J. P. ROBINSON, *the well-known polo player, is posed with his little daughter.*

VISCOUNTESS COWDRAY *acts as hostess for her son. She is with her youngest daughter, the* HON. DAPHNE PEARSON.

MISS GEORGINA WERNHER *and her mother,* LADY ZIA WERNHER, *came to see Col. Sir Harold Wernher's Someries House team beat the Wallabies.*

MISS "BUNNY" HAMILTON-WEDDERBURN *and* MISS VERONICA HARRISON *watched the play.*

The HON. DAPHNE PEARSON, *débutante sister of Viscount Cowdray, is an accomplished horsewoman. She is his youngest and only unmarried sister.*

ALL ON SKATES IN MIDSUMMER LONDON!

"ST. MORITZ," *at the London Coliseum, provides us with wintersport scenes in midsummer, for the stage has been transformed into a huge rink and famous skaters give skilful numbers.* HANS WITTE *is shown as a sailor doing some amazing falls and near-falls in a scene with* HETA WITTE.

HANS WITTE, *as the sailor, starts his activities by getting his "ice legs," while* HETA WITTE *looks on with amusement.*

HERMANN STEINSCHADEN *is coming through the paper hoop at top speed. His hands and his skates are just appearing.*

HERMANN STEINSCHADEN'S *dance as the god Mercury is a remarkable feat. He glides over the ice with the greatest of ease—on skates fitted to stilts!*

Left: PAMELA PRIOR *has been caught by the camera as she leaps from the ice. She is the World's Professional Champion.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN EVERARD.

TALES WITH A STING.

APPLIED KNOWLEDGE.

By SANDFORD WILTON.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

THE wizened little man found an empty first-class carriage, and made himself comfortable. Three minutes to spare. As usual, he had timed the whole thing perfectly. A faint smile of triumph touched his bloodless lips. It was his proud boast that, in a restless, speed-worshipping age, he always remained calm and unhurried.

A second passenger entered the carriage. From the tail of his eye the wizened little man saw white spats and striped trouser-ends. He looked up. An overcoat, with Astrakhan collar, and a silk hat completed the picture.

The newcomer took the corner seat diagonally opposite. Middle-aged, he had a rugged face, nose large, mouth stern, brows jutting. But in his eyes lurked a hint of good humour.

After giving the wizened little man a casual glance, he opened the *Financial Times*. The train began to move.

A young man came pelting along, glanced through the carriage window, wrenched open the door, and flung himself into a seat.

Gazing eagerly at the second passenger, he murmured:

" Excuse me, Sir James."

The second passenger glanced round, gave the young man an icy stare, and demanded bluntly: " What do you want ? "

" I—well, matter of fact, I represent the *Sun*."

The other sighed. " I gave the Press an interview at my hotel only this morning. Wasn't your paper there ? "

" Yes, Sir. Of course. But this is something entirely different. It 's about the reorganisation scheme of your tea company. There 's a rumour——"

" The devil there is ! Where did you get this information ? "

" Well, Sir, as I said, it 's just a rumour. But if you 'd be kind enough to let me have some particulars——"

" I 've nothing whatever to say, at the moment," snapped Sir James. " A full statement will be made to-morrow."

The wizened little man watched the pair with amusement.

" Just a few details, Sir," begged the journalist. " I 'd be terribly grateful. I mean, an exclusive story like this would be a big thing for me."

There was something curiously pathetic about those brown eyes. Rather like a dog who is pleading for a bone. Quite suddenly, Sir James's stern expression relaxed. He smiled.

" Very well," he said resignedly. " Just a few details."

The journalist whipped out his notebook. Sir James began to outline his reorganisation scheme. Over in his corner, the wizened little man listened with intense interest. He had seen the name mentioned on a thousand hoardings. A famous tea company. . . .

" At present," Sir James was saying, " the half-million one-pound ordinary shares are held by me. They will be offered to the general public at par——"

" At par ! " interrupted the amazed journalist.

" Yes. They mustn't be sold at a premium. There 's a clause to that effect in the Articles of Association."

" But surely, Sir, the yield on a one-pound ordinary share must be colossal ? "

" From fifteen to twenty per cent."

The journalist whistled. " They 'll be a hundred times over-applied," he predicted.

" No doubt," said Sir James, drily. " And now, young man, that 's all I 'm going to tell you, so perhaps you 'll allow me to read my paper in peace."

" Thank you, very much, Sir. I 'm extremely grateful."

At the next station, he leapt out and dashed away in the direction of a telephone kiosk.

The wizened little man caught Sir James's eye. " I suppose that young fellow calls himself a hustler, or a go-getter, or something," said Sir James.

The other nodded. " A typical product of this speed-crazy generation." He spoke didactically, and his voice was like the rustling of an old parchment.

Sir James looked at him with sudden interest, and the wizened little man was encouraged to expand his theme.

" Faster, faster, faster—that 's the watchword to-day," he went on. " Every phase of life is being recklessly speeded up. More and more sensations can be crammed into each waking hour. And with what result ? People are tending more and more to live by sensations alone. In fifty years' time," he prophesied, " we shall have a handful of scientists, and the rest of mankind will be nothing but speed-drugged morons."

Sir James was bursting to speak. His eyes were shining.

" That 's exactly what I 'm always saying myself ! " he exclaimed. And he and the wizened little man plunged into an ardent discussion.

In almost every respect their views coincided, and the longer they talked together the more cordial grew Sir James.

At last the conversation, travelling full circle, returned to the young reporter and his eagerness that his paper should publish the news of the reorganisation scheme before its rivals.

" Speed, speed, speed," murmured the wizened little man.

And then, all at once, his manner underwent a curious change. He avoided Sir James's eye; stared out of the window. Cleared his throat. Glanced back at the great financier, a little furtively. Cleared his throat a second time.

" Er—those shares," he began with diffidence. " Those ordinary shares that are to be offered to the public at par. Er—about how many should I apply for, in order to be allotted—h'm—five hundred ? "

Sir James frowned slightly, but answered good-naturedly enough: " If you apply through the ordinary channels, I 'm afraid you will stand very little chance of an allotment at all, however large your application. You see, offering the shares to the general public is chiefly a matter of form. The list will be closed pretty well as soon as it 's opened."

The acute disappointment in the other's face was reminiscent of a greedy schoolboy who finds a high, barbed-wire fence round the orchard. Sir James smiled; hesitated.

" If you like," he said, " I could make your application a personal matter, and pass it through for allotment in full."

The wizened little man was overwhelmed. " That 's most kind of you, Sir. Most kind. What would be the procedure ? "

" Oh, just let me have your card and a cheque for the amount due on application—it 's five per cent."

" Thank you, thank you."

The wizened little man felt in half-a-dozen pockets, and eventually produced a cheque-book and fountain-pen.

" Now—er—five per cent. of £500—that 's—er—£25. To whom shall I make it payable ? "

" My own broker, Robert Smith—and don't cross the cheque."

" I see, I see. Thank you."

The wizened little man scribbled eagerly, handed the cheque to Sir James, together with a visiting card.

As Sir James glanced at the card, his eyelids flickered.

" I 'll just make a note on the back of this," he murmured, and borrowed the other's fountain-pen. " There you are, then. And the letter of allotment will come through in due course."

" Really, I—I hardly know how to thank you."

" Not a bit," said Sir James graciously. " It 's refreshing to meet a sane man in this speed-crazy world." And he reverted with great relish to their earlier discussion.

So absorbed did they become that when the train reached the next stopping-place, it was not till the last moment that Sir James glanced through the window.

" Hallo ! " he exclaimed. " My station ! "

The wizened little man opened the door for him.

" Good-day to you, Sir. And thank you, once again."

. . . . . .

As Sir James was leaving the station, somebody touched his arm. It was the young man who had interviewed him.

" Did he bite ? "

" Yes. Five hundred shares."

" Good ! That 's four thousand to-day, altogether. And now we must hustle around and cash the cheques before the banks close."

" Sir James " nodded. Fumbling in his pocket, he produced his victim's card. " Just take a look at this."

A wide grin overspread the young man's face as he read:

" Professor W. Browhyghe, Psychologist."

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

THE RUSSIAN BALLET REVIVE "CLEOPATRA."

Fokine's celebrated ballet "CLEOPATRA," *which Mr. Arnold Haskell describes as "Diaghileff's first offering to Western Europe," which has been the "model exotic" influencing stage and cinema productions, was revived in the Russian Ballets' last week of their summer season at Covent Garden. They return in September for an autumn season.* TCHERNICHEVA *is seen as Cleopatra in the unveiling scene.*

Amoun (SHABELEVSKY) *is given one more night to live by Cleopatra* (TCHERNICHEVA).

Amoun (SHABELEVSKY) *is taking the poisoned cup from Cleopatra* (TCHERNICHEVA).

Cleopatra (TCHERNICHEVA) *watches the death struggle of her poisoned lover, Amoun* (SHABELEVSKY).

Cleopatra (TCHERNICHEVA) *accepts Amoun* (SHABELEVSKY) *as her lover for one night—with no to-morrow.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON.

THE DAVIS CUP HEROES.

By HELEN JACOBS.

TEN years ago the United States lost the Davis Cup to France. There followed the long reign of France and then of England, and during those years the United States tried with various teams to regain the trophy. When Ellsworth Vines rose to prominence, won Wimbledon, and seemed unbeatable, the American team had great hope of success, but it was never able to quite turn the trick.

Last year, Donald Budge gave promise of becoming to American tennis what Vines had been before his retirement from the amateur game. He not only fulfilled that promise—he became more successful than Vines. For he won Wimbledon with the loss of only one set, then successfully bore the brunt for his side of the Davis Cup inter-zone-final and challenge round. It would perhaps be more fair to say he shared the brunt of them with Frank Parker and Gene Mako.

The marriage of M. JEAN BOROTRA, *France's "veteran" lawn-tennis star, now aged thirty-nine, to* MME. BARRECHIN, *formerly Miss Mabel de Forest, took place in Paris last week, and was a surprise to many of Borotra's closest friends, who regarded him as a confirmed bachelor. Mme. Borotra is a sister of Count John Bendern, formerly John de Forest, the well-known golfer and the Amateur Champion of 1932.*

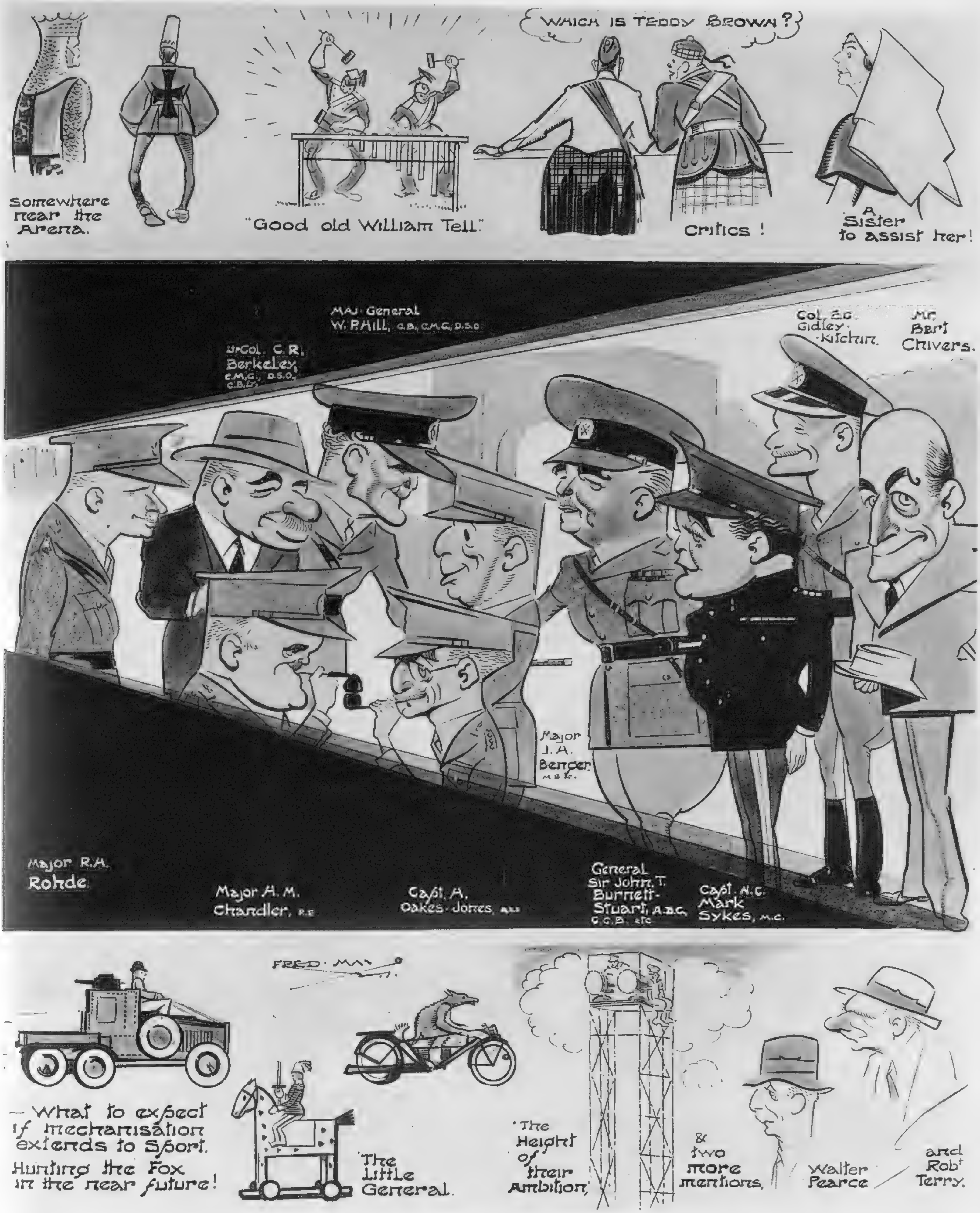
After Saturday's match, I must confess that I was certain Charles Hare would, if not win from Parker, extend him to the limit. I did not believe that Parker could win in three sets with the large margin he did, unless he raised his game, almost overnight, to superlative heights. That he managed to accomplish this feat is all the more to his credit. I doubt if he has ever played more accurately or more forcefully. He had every shot at his command, and his plan of attack was obviously carefully worked out. He wasted no effort, and yet he spared none when the occasion demanded. From the American point of view, it would have been much more satisfactory if Hare had won, despite the excellent play of Parker. One could not help but feel sorry for the Englishman who, in his turn, though sparing no effort, could do nothing right.

His Bad Day. I doubt if there is any player in the world, however good, who has not had days on which his game simply would not work. Charles Hare had one of those days. His eye was not in and his timing was poor, but he behaved, throughout a trying match, as a perfect sportsman. He does not have as much time to devote to the game as most Davis Cup players do, and it is not surprising, for that reason, that the match against Budge took too much out of him to permit of his best against Parker.

Anti-Climax. After the Parker-Hare match, the Austin-Budge match seemed to be an anti-climax. Nothing hinged on the result, and the players, realising this, treated it very lightly. Both Austin and Budge played well, but their match lacked that element of excitement which it would have held as the deciding encounter. Both players seemed determined to make the match as amusing as possible for the spectators. On one service game of Budge's, during which the American was serving superlatively well, Austin simply paced back and forth across the baseline, while Budge served three aces. After the interval following the third set, Budge and Austin swopped rackets, and when Budge made a spectacular and unexpected shot with "Bunny's" racket, he offered to buy it from his opponent. At 3—2 for Budge in the fourth set, the two competitors sat down on the refrigerator, sipped tea together and discussed the surroundings. Nothing could have resembled a Davis Cup match any less, but the gallery was amused and it was all done in good spirit. Certainly the tension of the day was eased. After this match, her Royal Highness, Princess Helena Victoria, presented the Davis Cup to Walter Pate, non-playing captain of the American team, and innumerable photographs were taken. Sir Louis Greig made a charming speech in appreciation of Princess Helena Victoria's constant and enthusiastic support of the game, and the day ended in a burst of glory for the American team.

National Cycles of Success. It is interesting to note that the cycle of success which has marked every nation's possession of the Davis Cup, has been dependent upon the efforts of one or two players. During the successful defence of the Cup by Fred Perry and "Bunny" Austin, playing on behalf of England, that country was unable to develop a player to take the place of either of these famous defenders. France could develop no one, while she held the Cup, to take the place of Cochet, Lacoste or Borotra. It will remain to be seen whether the United States will be able to develop, out of a plethora of young hopes, one or two players to carry on after Donald Budge and Frank Parker have finally given way. On the whole, it is perhaps best for the game that the cycle of success should not take too long for its completion. The determination to defeat defeat undoubtedly led to the inspired effort of our team, as it has led to so many great victories by our opponents in the past.

America's victorious Davis Cup team are here receiving the trophy from H.R.H. PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA. *From left to right are:* DONALD BUDGE, G. MAKO, FRANK PARKER, *and* "BITSY" GRANT. *Her Royal Highness is handing the Cup to* MR. PATE, *non-playing captain of the team. The Americans were victorious by four matches to one in the match against Great Britain. Great Britain has held the trophy for the last four years, and it is ten years since it has passed across the Atlantic.*



SOUTHERN COMMAND TATTOO.

TIDWORTH CORONATION TATTOO *is the eighteenth of the series. Held in Salisbury Plain arena, it has a bigger seating accommodation this year than ever before. The historical scene is a blaze of colour; there is a big Scottish element present—always an attraction; and the display of armoured cars and motor-cycles in a hunting scene is ingenious and amusing. Fred May has snapped some of the Big Figures at the back of the organisation. General Sir John Burnett-Stuart is G.O.C. the Southern Command. Lieut.-Col. C. R. Berkeley is Secretary of the Tattoo. Major R. H. Rohde is Director of Displays; and all the others have important jobs.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

MISS CICELEY COURTNEIDGE, *supported by* M. RENÉ SELIMAN *and* MRS. BOBBY HOWES, *was in excellent form at the opening of the Summer Sporting Club at Monte Carlo. She is wearing her hair rolled off her face, and is wonderfully sunburnt as the result of her month's holiday on the Riviera.*

THE traditional description of London in August as "a desert island" on which a few unhappy mortals are marooned, has some justification this year, for those who find themselves now at work in the Metropolis, while others are at play, have been robbed of the chief consolation for Augustine Londoners during the last few years—an extended run of Russian Ballet. The de Basil company closed down last week at Covent Garden, after one of the most successful seasons they have ever enjoyed, and we must content ourselves with the thought that they are coming back in September.

Ballet at Covent Garden in the early autumn may mean that *ce beau monde* will reassemble in London earlier than usual. At all events, October and November will be gay, and the Queen has already made a London engagement for November 24, as she has promised Lady Maureen Stanley to attend the Ice Ballet "Marina" on that date, at the Empress Hall, Earl's Court, in aid of Mr. Peter Scott's Unemployed Self-Help Fund.

. . . . . .

Their Majesties must surely long have been looking forward to their stay at Balmoral! There will, of course, be a certain amount of formal and official entertaining during the Court's residence in Scotland, but the Queen will be able to enjoy many days of rest, or purely private occupations, while the King is out shooting on the hill.

The royal circle will be a young one, with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and Lord Macduff among its members. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught will be at Mar Lodge, and Lord and Lady Maud Carnegie in residence not far off. Lord Elphinstone will shoot with the King, and so will his son, the Master of Elphinstone, and Lord Glamis, both nephews of her Majesty. The King and Queen are likely also to pay visits to the Elphinstones and other near relatives, and Mr. Pierpont Morgan is to have the honour of entertaining them at Garnochy, where the sport is famous.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent are probably the only members of the Royal Family who will go abroad during the holidays, though Princess Alice and Lord Athlone may visit the South of France, or go on a cruise a little later on, after they have had a few weeks' rest at Brantridge Park, with Lady May Abel Smith and her children as guests.

Trousers are back on the beach-wear programme at Monte Carlo. H.S.H. PRINCESS URSULA VON HOHENLOHE *looks lovely in her brown sailcloth ones worn with espadrilles, and* MISS BARBARA POLLEN *has navy blue slacks and a white shirt.*

. . .

Dances are things of the past for most of the girls, except those who are lucky enough to be in the neighbourhood of some of the country ones which enliven summer-time in certain counties. North Country girls are lucky, for Carlisle's "big week," from Aug. 13 to 20, opens with a dance at Carlisle Castle, continues with a pageant of famous ladies and a lawn-tennis tournament, and winds up with Lady Carlisle's big ball in honour of her débutante daughter, Lady Carolyn Howard, at stately Naworth. Lord Morpeth is now old enough to enjoy his sister's party, and Lady Carlisle's popular sisters, the twins "A" and "M"—Mrs. John Barran and Mrs. Peter Davies—will be there to help to make things go with a swing.

. . . . .

Most people are leaving London. Patrick Balfour, on the contrary, has just come back—from a trip across Africa, during which he visited the ex-German colonies, such as the Cameroons and Tanganyika—in fact, a sort of modern equivalent of Stanley's original journey, "Through Darkest Africa"; but he went lorry-jumping, and completed the whole route by motor transport. He got stuck in the bush in the Belgian Congo in a car. There were no human beings to queue-up in a gaping crowd, but a lion came to watch; Patrick, screwing up his courage, advanced towards the "King of Beasts," who promptly fled, as if he were being stalked by a too-insistent hostess!

. . . . .

The social side of a journey through Africa is important in 1937. Mr. Balfour tells me he stayed with the Comtesse de Renéville, Clare Sheridan's daughter, whose husband is in the French Administrative Service in the French Congo.

Then, as the Belgian Congo is becoming popular with tourists, he met George Hoyningen-Hüne, in a remote Greek hotel in this district. It was an odd hotel, with no *patron*, so the guests foraged in the kitchen. Mr. Balfour then travelled for some thousand miles with Sir Charles Markham and his mother, Mrs. O'Hea, who were motoring from London to Cape Town in their luxurious caravan, with its comfortable bedrooms, lavatory, and stores from luxury caterers. He then stayed in Tanganyika with Mrs. John Dew, a charming and popular personality, who, with her husband, is starting a big new European settlers' scheme under the chairmanship of Lord Chesham. So, you see, a trip in "Darkest Africa" does not compare unfavourably with a round of visits as paid by a professional guest in August. The result of all this travelling is to be a book,

The marriage of MR. CHEDWORTH MORGAN GWYNNE, *youngest son of Mrs. Gwynne, of Filey, to* MISS EDITH JOAN TERRY, *only daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Terry, of Middlethorpe Manor, York, took place at St. Andrew's, Bishopthorpe, near York. The Archbishop of York officiated.*

The engagement of PRINCESS EKATERINA OF RUSSIA, *only daughter of the late Prince John Constaninovitch and of Princess Helen of Russia, to Marchese Ruggero Farace, elder son of Marchese and Marchesa Farace, of 16, Via Porpora, Rome, has been announced.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER NORTH.

" Lords of the Equator," which Patrick stopped off to finish in the South of France. Watch out for it in September.

. . . . . .

The diplomats have all dispersed—most of them having hastened back to their native countries to enjoy a holiday at home. The Polish Minister and his wife and children were almost the first to go off to Poland from the Legation in Portland Place, where his Excellency and Countess Raczynska have given such outstanding musical parties during the season. The Van Swinderens, who waited until the end of the Coronation festivities before the Minister retired, are remaining in England. They first settled into their new house in Eaton Square and then went off to Danny Park, near Hurstpierpoint, from whence they will go to Scotland to visit friends in August, after Goodwood. The Norwegian Minister has gone off to Norway, and the Danish Minister and Countess Ahlefeld-Laurvig have, much to the general regret, left London for good, as he has retired. They will, however, often come over for visits, as they have such a host of friends in England, and their artist daughter, Countess Ingegerd Laurvig, is remaining over here and keeping on her delightful Chelsea studio.

The marriage of the HON. LOUISE FERMOR-HESKETH, *elder daughter of Lord and Lady Hesketh, to Mr. Edmund Villiers Minshull Stockdale, younger son of Major and Mrs. H. M. Stockdale, took place at St. Mary's, Easton Neston.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC AGER.

. . . . .

Goodwood was delightful on the opening day. The weather was perfect, as it wasn't too hot, though visibility was good; and, above all, there was no wind. The gusty character of Goodwood weather has, on occasion, made it most uncomfortable from the feminine point of view, for what's the good of backing winners if your hat keeps on blowing off, and your curls get disarranged ?

MISS ELIZABETH WELLESLEY *is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Gerald Wellesley. She is a niece of the Duke of Wellington, and a great-great-granddaughter of the Iron Duke. Lord Gerald is Surveyor of H.M. Works of Art, and Lady Gerald Wellesley is the author of a number of poems, and of the Life of Sir George Goldie.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY SWAINE.

Women all plumped for neatness, with the result that it looked a very well-dressed meeting on Stewards' Cup Day. One is inclined to expect something unusual from Lady Diana Cooper, who, though not an enthusiastic or regular racegoer, usually attends Goodwood, but she wore the simplest of navy-blue woollen suits with an " off-the-face " brimmed navy hat. Most becoming to her famous fair beauty. Lady Jersey was a striking exception to the navy blue worn by so many, as she had a stone-grey frock coat, with a cape and collar of blue fox. Her hat was little more than a bandeau of brown, with no crown, so we could admire her fair hair.

. . . . .

Lord Carnarvon was walking with Lady Brownlow when I saw them. The chief feature of her brown wool coat-frock was its leather belt, heavily studded with golden nails, and her tiny cap was of straw. Lady Jellicoe came over from St. Lawrence Hall, Ventnor, but I saw none of her family with her. Her girls are, of course, all married now. She was with Lady Darell and Lady Edward Churchill, the last-named having come from Tamaris, Bognor Regis. Lady Jellicoe evidently spotted a winner or two, as she was saying she was going off on the pleasant business of collecting her Tote winnings. Mrs. A. J. Dewar was one of the most noticeable figures at the meeting, as she wore a turquoise-and-black striped silk coat, just like a blazer, over a black skirt, and had a tiny little black cap.

The infant son of MRS. CHRISTOPHER SYKES *was christened in Westminster Cathedral, and received the name of* MARK. RUSSELL PASHA *is seen after the ceremony, looking proudly at his little grandson.*

. . . . . .

Mothers who brought débutante girls to enjoy their first Goodwood included Lady Airlie, whose blue suit had revers of figured blue and white to match her blouse; and Lady Zia Wernher, who was in the almost inevitable blue and white, with white birds apparently resting on her white hat. Lady Dufferin introduced colour into the crowd with her magenta hat and suède gloves and shoes worn with a suit of " budgerigar " blue.

The Duchess of Roxburghe had a crownless hat of dark blue to match her coat, worn over a red-and-white dress, just to recall Coronation time, I suppose. Family parties included Lady Linlithgow and most of her Hopes—that is, the Ladies Anne and Joan and Lord John Hope—Lord Hopetoun being the only one not present, who were naturally very interested in the Stewards' Cup, as Lord John's Braemar was a runner.

The Duchess of Norfolk, who has such original racing colours—a Mickey Mouse on the back and front of the jacket—is now an owner, and had Ticca Garri entered for the Halnaker Stakes. She was there with the Duke and the whole of his family, who were all staying at Arundel and seemed mostly to be wearing navy blue. Violet Lady Beaumont and Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan were taking relays of friends along to their arbour lunch-tents, where it was a real pleasure to feed under such pleasant weather conditions. So often dripping rain has dolefully accompanied the consumption of salmon mayonnaise, quails, and other racecourse food in these retreats !

The Maharaja of Rajpipla and the Maharanee of Cooch Behar had tents there too, and there were several Indian women at the races in gaily-coloured *saris.*

Final notes of the day include that I sighted only one mackintosh—the red oilskin carried by Lady Weymouth; no garden-party frocks were seen, and the crowd on the Trundle was thicker than ever.

MARIEGOLD.

MR. W. P. CLYDE, *elder son of Mr. W. P. Clyde and of Mrs. Allan Kyle, is engaged to* MISS ROSEMARY ROBERTSON, *only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Frank Robertson, D.S.O., The Black Watch, and of Mrs. Frank Robertson.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY FAYER OF VIENNA.

GOOD WEATHER GOODWOOD REVIEW:

LADY VICTORIA SCOTT, *married daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig, is seen with* PRINCESS ALY KHAN, *who is a sister of Lord Churston.*

LADY CHESHAM *was one of the well-known people who enjoyed picnic lunches beside their cars.*

The party from Arundel Castle included the DOWAGER DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *the* DUKE OF NORFOLK, *and the* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *formerly the Hon. Lavinia Strutt.*

LADY ANNE CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, *elder daughter of the Marquess of Titchfield, arrived with the* DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE, *who was Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes.*

The HON. CECILY BERRY *and the* HON. MRS. MORGAN JONES *went to Goodwood together. They are daughters of Lady Buckland.*

GOOD DRESSES AND NOTABLE PEOPLE.

LADY MOIRA PONSONBY, *daughter of the Earl of Bessborough,* MR. GEORGE MERCER-NAIRNE, *son of Lady Violet Astor and of the late Lord Charles Mercer-Nairne, and* MISS MAINWARING *are the young people in this group.*

Right: MRS. "LADDIE" SANFORD *wore a dress with a big pattern of arum lilies. She is the wife of the well-known American polo player.*

MISS SUSAN DU BOULAY *wore a neat stockingette suit and an off-the-face hat.*

The COUNTESS OF BESSBOROUGH *and the* MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW. *Lady Bessborough's husband was Governor-General of Canada; and Lady Linlithgow's is Viceroy of India.*

The COUNTESS OF DURHAM *wore a wide-brimmed hat and fox furs, with a woollen dress. She was Miss Hermione Bullough.*

This lunch-party at Goodwood consists of (l. to r.) MR. THOMAS DUNDAS, LADY MARY EGERTON, MRS. THOMAS DUNDAS, LADY CHILD *and* SIR JOHN CHILD, *Bt.*

MR. JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD, *one of the best-known figures in the sporting world, attended Goodwood with* MRS. JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD.

LADY BROWNLOW'S *brown dress was adorned with a wide belt patterned with brass devices. She is with* PRINCE ALY KHAN *and (r.) the* EARL OF CARNARVON.

GOODWOOD LUNCH-PARTY AND WELL-KNOWN PERSONALITIES.

ONE OF THE LOVELIEST OF BRITISH FILM STARS.

MADELEINE CARROLL, one of the most beautiful of our screen stars, was recently seen as the proud young society woman, Mimi Carraway, in Irving Berlin's "On the Avenue," the Twentieth Century-Fox musical. Her latest pictures include "Lloyds of London," "The General Died at Dawn" and "Case Against Mrs. Ames."

BUCKING UP PATRIOTISM

"WITH FIFE AND DRUM" is just about the liveliest patriotism ever encountered! It's a brilliant Patriotic Ballet at New York's famous Radio City Music Hall, where forty different ballets are presented yearly under the direction of Miss Florence Rogge. The music of "With Fife and Drum" is of the George Washington Period and the costumes of the dancers are inspired by the uniforms of eighteenth-century soldiers, and are exceedingly effective. Our

[*Continued opposite.*

SM: A LIVELY NUMBER.

Continued.] photographs are a series of fine action studies of Miss Martha Wilbert and Miss Polly Iuen, the principals in "With Fife and Drum," and give an excellent idea of the spirited nature of the number. Miss Florence Rogge, who produced and originated it, is the ballet mistress of the only permanent ballet in America.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARGER - PIX.

STAR IN A DESERT RESORT.

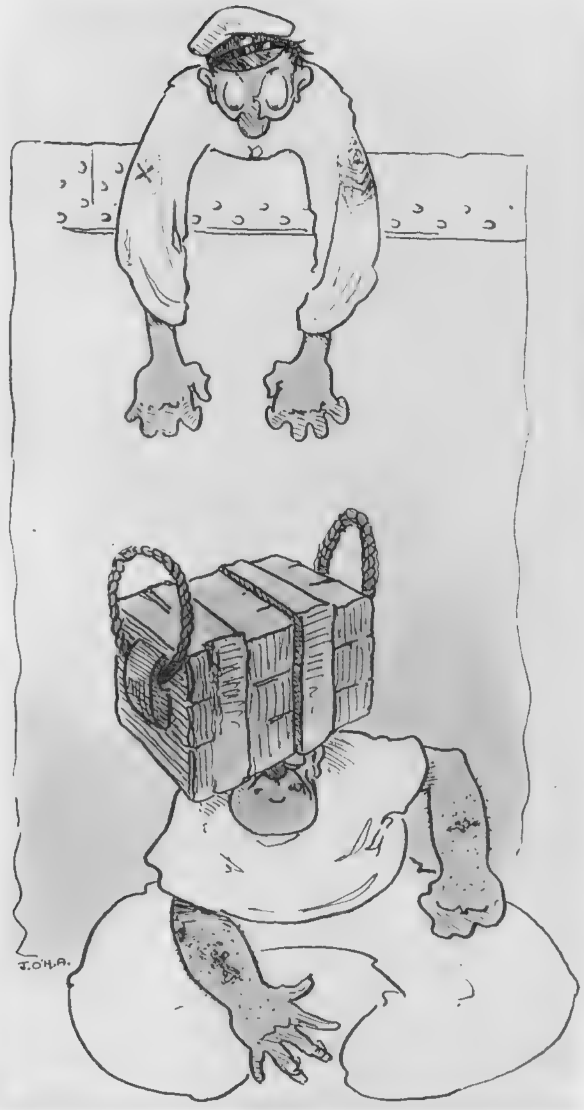
CLAUDETTE COLBERT earned a holiday after completing her work in a big Paramount picture and spent it in Palm Springs, which, in American, is called "A Desert Resort." Her recent films include "I Met Him in Paris," "Under Two Flags" and "Maid of Salem."

PORTRAIT BY CECIL JAMESON.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" VICTIM AND HEROINE.

MISS MARGARET RAWLINGS' *performance in the dual rôle of victim and heroine in* "BLACK LIMELIGHT," *the thriller at the Duke of York's, has been rousing great enthusiasm. It will be remembered that she made a big success as Katie O'Shea in "Parnell."*

CHINA IN THE NEWS—AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISH HUMORIST: EXTRACTS FROM STANDING ORDERS.



"The Gunner's mate will pass ammunition down through the skylights. . . ."

"The Quartermaster is to go round the ship continuously." Portrait of a conscientious Q.M. coming off watch.

China Fleet Orders: "Officers proceeding up rivers not marked in Admiralty charts are to add to their reports a sketch of the track followed."

". . . He will keep clothing lists, and muster their bags, so as to ensure that their kit is correct as laid down. . . ."

DRAWN BY JOHN O'H. ASHDOWN.

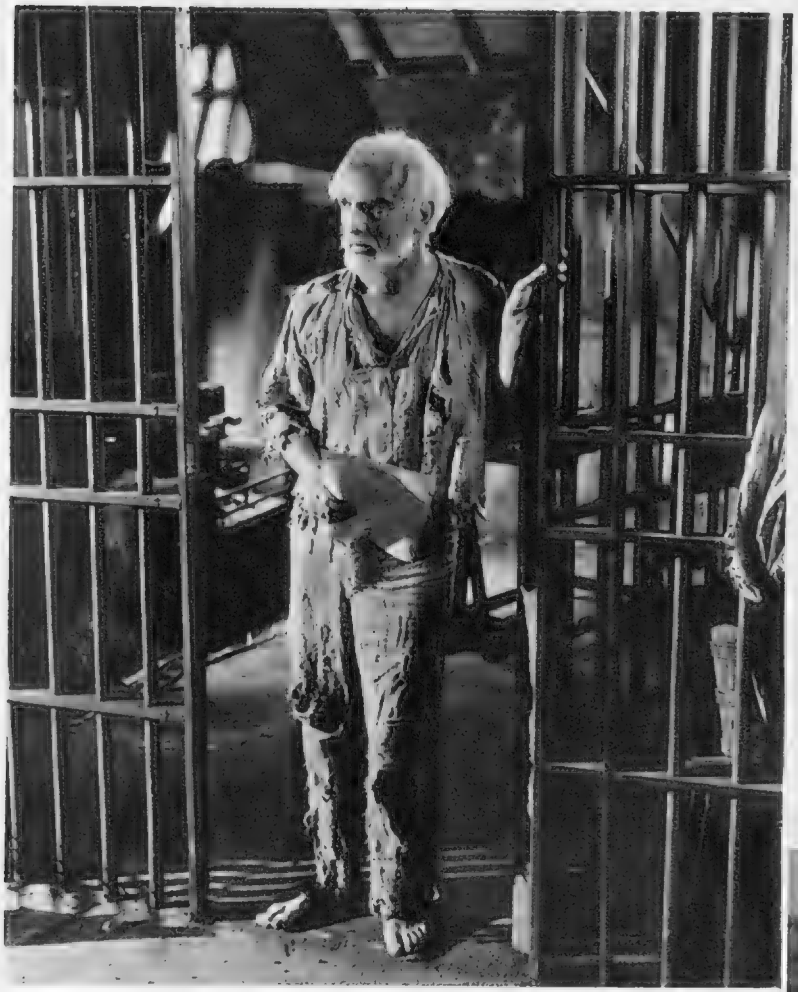
WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

FOUR HONORARY DAUGHTERS OF NEPTUNE—

for having obtained degrees for poise, beauty and figure.

At Brigantine Beach, New Jersey, it is Graduating Time for Beauty! We illustrate this notable fact by giving portraits of honour student graduates of the Mallon-Friele School for Models, who receive their degrees for poise, beauty and figure, instead of being awarded such distinctions for perfection in mere book-learning. Their names (l. to r.) are Viola Roberts, of North Bergen, New Jersey; Alma Shugert, of New York; Stella Ray, of Zanesville, Ohio; and Frances Lucca, of New York. They are wearing the jewelled starfish pins, which are their insignia as Honorary Daughters of Neptune.

THE SCREEN ZOLA AND DREYFUS—PAUL MUNI AND JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT.



"THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA," *a First National picture, has been completed and will soon be seen.* JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT *plays Captain Dreyfus, one of the world's most tragic figures. He is here seen at the entrance to his terrible prison.*

PAUL MUNI *as the young Zola with a pile of his famous and immensely realistic novels before him.*

Cézanne, the famous French painter (VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF; *right*), *is one of the great nineteenth-century personalities introduced into the film. He is shown with Zola* (PAUL MUNI).

Zola (PAUL MUNI) *as the middle-aged Zola who worked so tirelessly to vindicate Dreyfus. He is with Lucie Dreyfus* (GALE SONDERGAARD).

Right: Zola (PAUL MUNI) *attacked those opposed to Dreyfus in "J'accuse," the famous denunciatory letter in the "Aurore" (1898), in which he challenged legal consequences. These followed, and Zola eventually won, but had, as a result, to seek refuge temporarily in London. He is seen in the trial sequence.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KAY VAUGHAN.

THE FUTURE VISCOUNTESS JOCELYN: MISS CLODAGH KENNEDY.

MISS CLODAGH ROSE KENNEDY *and Lieutenant Viscount Jocelyn, R.N., announced their engagement last week. Lord Jocelyn is the eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Roden, of Tollymore Park, Co. Down, and Miss Kennedy is the third daughter of the late Mr. Edward Kennedy and of Mrs. Kennedy, of Bishopscourt, Straffan, Co. Kildare. Her father bred the famous racehorses Tetrarch, Scotch Gift, and Dark Ronald*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

THE Malvern Festival, which annually makes culture convivial, once more opened with a garden-party, at which the dramatist-in-chief, Mr. Bernard Shaw, was a much-photographed guest, and Sir Barry Jackson and Mr. Roy Limbert very popular hosts. In the evening the week's playgoing commenced with the latest Shavian piece, "THE MILLIONAIRESS." The point of this play is that you cannot keep a good woman down—good at business, that is, for no sooner has the heroine attempted poverty than she finds ways and means to be rich. The idea is that there is a natural Midas touch possessed by a fortunate few. Whatever they handle turns to gold. Such power cannot be argued with.

Whatever Mr. Shaw handles turns, in some degree, to steel. His hard thrust of wit has never failed him as the many birthdays roll by, and there is plenty of punch in "The Millionairess." It will never rank among his best, and the tale of the imperious lady who made a success of all the ventures she approached has its weak and wandering moments. But it bears the true Shavian stamp. Many of us would rather listen to G.B.S. being intermittently good than to others being at their unqualified best. It was good that a young actress who has served the Birmingham Repertory extremely well, Miss Elspeth March, should have been given her chance to play the title-rôle. On her the play depends; in this case, justifiably.

"THEY CAME BY NIGHT," *at the Globe Theatre. John Fothergill* (OWEN NARES, *centre) has the engaging habit of telling a sick nephew a fairy-tale on the telephone every evening. The low company he is seen with are "Di" Hopkins* (ALEXANDER FIELD), *"Bugsie"* (DAVID BURNS); *Carl Vollaire* (CEES LASEUR); *and Claire Madison* (SARA SEEGAR).

After a Shavian start the Festival remembered its historical duties and lifted us right back to the very beginnings of English drama. "GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE" is farce of 1575, simple in its pursuit of the mediæval mirth which found pins and pantaloons a proper source of jest. "SUSANNA," by Thomas Garter, was given its first performance on the modern stage; its original performance goes back even further than "Gammer Gurton," in short, to 1560. The boisterousness of the one piece and the simple beauty of the other gave the audience history without a yawn and "Eng. Lit." without tears. Furthermore, such pieces of antiquity pleasantly began a series of evenings which led us from dramatic first to last things by way of Sheridan, Fielding, and Shaw. Malvern has become a summer habit with many friends of the theatre. You may not like some of the plays, but you must like all the country.

The drama is dispersed. When playgoers scatter, the player either follows them or makes ready to receive them in towns through which the holiday-makers pass or in places where they rusticate. The annual "rush to the moors" (or links) has begun and many people will find themselves with an evening to spare on their way through the Scottish cities. These cities are seasonably equipped with comedians.

At the KING'S, EDINBURGH, for example, which in winter I visited in order to see the first of Barrie's "The Boy David" and the last of its great and lamented author, there is now a summer show which is accurately described as a riot. Do not, therefore, reckon to stroll up and find an empty seat. Mr. Dave Willis, the reigning clown of that large and illustrious theatre, keeps the box-office refusing plaintive seekers after seats. The show in which he appears is the ordinary kind of revue, with intervals of modest ballet and song-scena, but Mr. Willis brings to it the extraordinary vitality and eagerness to please which are the charming and triumphant traits of the great professional droll. He affects a Chaplinesque moustache and a bowler hat, and sometimes he scores with the Chaplin pathos, too; there is a sketch about an unsuccessful backer at the races who always has the right idea and then yields to the eloquence of an odious little tipster, only to see his original choice come in. This is the common experience of all "punting" flesh. We had the vision and were untrue to it, took another's word and lost our money. If only——! Mr. Willis, the very genius of the "If only" mood, makes us want to weep for his lost money and his broken spirit. At the end, he cannot even purchase, with his final twopence, a large, hot, succulent pie, his last hope and dream of comfort. He goes off and comes back with a lean and chilly stick of Edinburgh rock: he has met that tipster again.

At GLASGOW, those crazy champions, well known to London and first favourites on the Clyde, Caryll and Mundy, were heading the summer revels. No couple is quicker with back-answers which go with the bang of a back-fire. At ABERDEEN, for the benefit of the "farthest north" travellers, Harry Gordon is a constant success. Harry is especially famed for the vigour and veracity of his feminine portraits; his Scottish "dames" are not pantomime figures only, but have their summer outing.

At GULLANE, whither come as many with towels to the beach as with golf clubs to the historic "hill," I encountered among a party called "Academicals," a self-styled "mirth-quake" called Billy Macleod. If he was not a whole eruption, he was at least a seismic tremor. A quenchless clown, Mr. Macleod has much the same aspect and style as Dave Willis; with the same large theatre and opportunity he might well be as funny. At Gullane he was handicapped by the humbleness of his surroundings; but how he worked! He had a vigorous actor and fine singer with him in Mr. George Cunningham.

John Fothergill (OWEN NARES, *right), finding himself in the company of two rogues, decides to inform the police. The more thoroughly to effect this he looks up the book for a particularly nice lock-up. The two rogues* (SARA SEEGAR *and* CEES LASEUR) *are very surprised at such originality. Here and there are rich jewels, gold bars, and costly objets d'art—Mr. Fothergill being a goldsmith and a first-class sap.*

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—"JUDGMENT DAY" (Phœnix). 8.30.—"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—**PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "A SPOT OF BOTHER" (Strand). 8.30.—"THEY CAME BY NIGHT" (Globe). 8.30.—"FLOODLIGHT" (Saville). 8.30.—"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD" (Cambridge). 8.40.—"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Savoy). 8.30.—"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—"ST. MORITZ" (Coliseum). 2.30 and 8.15.—SHAKESPEARE'S "WINTER'S TALE" (Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

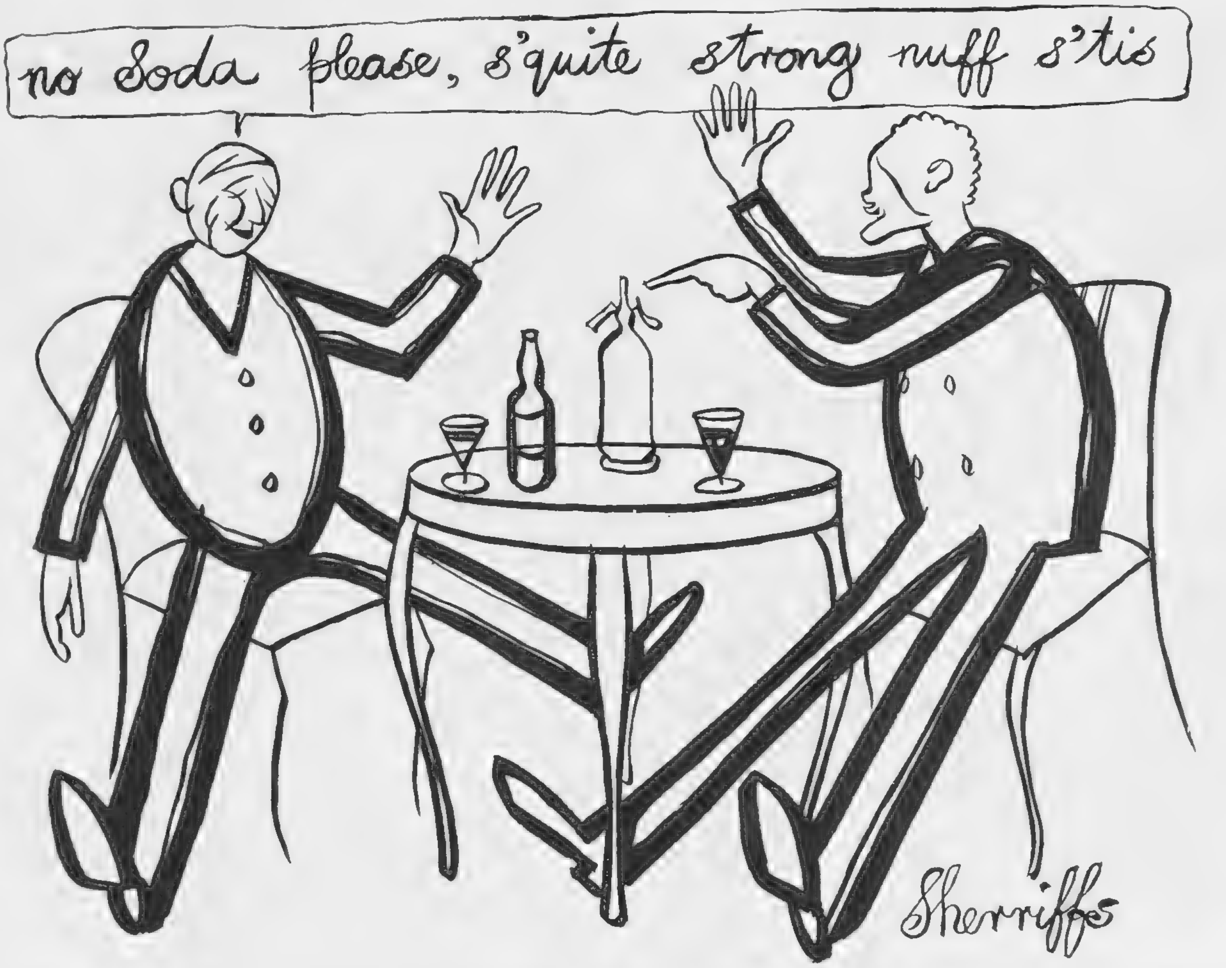
CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

As a testimony to the versatility of the slim and black-haired French star, Danielle Darrieux, the new farcical comedy at the Curzon, introduced to London under the title of "MAD GIRL," has its points. It would, indeed, be difficult to find two more sharply differentiated performances than those of Mlle. Darrieux in "Mayerling," and of the same young lady in her present picture, wherein she gives a demonstration of shrill-voiced and prolonged tantrums. "Mad Girl" was the last film she made in Europe before leaving for Hollywood, where, it is to be hoped, her lovely rendering of Marie Vetsera, the tragic heroine of "Mayerling," will influence the selection of her future parts. I treasure a fond memory of the grave and tender young Countess who offered the solace of her love to the tormented, moody Rudolph, so brilliantly portrayed by Charles Boyer, and would fain regard her tempestuous and tardily-tamed shrew in "Mad Girl" as a flash in the pan. The plot of this petulant piece has been devised by Yves Mirande, who is, we are informed, the most successful comedy writer in France. The playwright has been content to rely on an exceedingly slight story, and labours the main situation beyond the limits of its humorous potentialities. Mlle. Darrieux appears as a lovelorn secretary whose employer, a pillar of propriety, preludes his proposal to her by giving her the sack. Being no mind-reader, the poor girl is thereby thrust into the depths of despair. She throws herself into the Seine, from whose inky waters she is abstracted by a passing gallant, Albert Préjean. Taken to his house, where a party is in progress, she is liberally dosed with cocktails and tucked into bed. The would-be suicide, furious at the interruption of her plans, and stimulated by her unwonted libations, proceeds to raise Cain. She insults her rescuer's guests, dances on the roof in her borrowed nightie, kicks, bites, and carries on until such time as the picture has reached its requisite length, when she discovers that, after all, she prefers her unwilling host to her far too circumspect suitor. It must be admitted that the two stars, who were first united in "The Slump is Over," play into each other's hands with unflagging zest. They get every ounce of effect out of their wrangles, and work up a comedy that continually hovers on the edge of slap-stick to every possible peak, loyally supported by a comic butler. They are, however, somewhat hampered by the lack of variety in their material, for the director, Leo Joannon, has not seen fit to indicate by any lull in the storm the sudden transference of the heroine's affections in the end, though, to be sure, one can lay a wager that M. Préjean will not be discarded for a less lively lover. The picture is nicely staged and, accepted in a holiday spirit, it has its merry moments. I liked the comic butler, left aloft on a marble pedestal after escaping from the fury of his charge. Come to think of it, the comic butler is the most amusing and most definite character caught in the rough-and-tumble fun of "Mad Girl."

Hollywood's *flair* for the drama that may be extracted from a topical theme, is evident once again in the new Columbia picture, "THE DEVIL IS DRIVING," at the London Pavilion. The problems of traffic control and the alarming rise in the death-toll of the road are the foundations on which the story of a District Attorney's sacrifice in the cause of justice has been built. Though the speed-fiend, the careless motorist and, above all, the drunken driver are severely admonished from first to last, the drama itself is punctuated with the thrills of realistic crashes and the suspense of court-room scenes, whilst the career of a brilliant young lawyer, who stifles his conscience at the outset but wears its "coat of mail" in the end, provides sufficient material to wrap up the lesson in popular packing-paper. The central figure, Paul Driscoll, is a candidate for the post of District Attorney. His election is assured when he secures an acquittal of a drunken youngster on a charge of second-degree murder after a fatal motor smash. The boy happens to be the son of an influential politician, and the verdict is secured by wholesale perjury, including the defending counsel's. Once in office, however, Driscoll devotes his energies to a ruthless traffic campaign, and when the same incorrigible playboy appears before the courts on a later charge of reckless driving under the influence of drink, involving the death of his fiancée, the District Attorney defeats a second attempt to clear the offender by revealing the facts of the previous case and his own unworthy share in them. Thus, stripped of his public honours, but privately applauded, Driscoll retires to rest on his laurels. Richard Dix has no difficulty in investing the hero with manly dignity or to carry out his self-imposed task with the stern air of a crusader. Joan Perry, a girl reporter whose business it is to frown on the hero's lapse from grace and encourage his change of heart, does her job without fuss or frills. One is disposed to question the extraordinary legal procedure of the final court scene and to ascribe the District Attorney's *coup de théâtre*, by which he wrings a confession from the wretched, and by this time hysterical, little "road-hog," to the need for capping the picture with a grand climax as well as an heroic flourish for Mr. Dix. But American jurisprudence, at any rate as presented on the screen, has sprung surprises on us before now, and it is nice to see Mr. Dix rising to an emotional outburst after much grim-lipped restraint. The piece is otherwise plausible, interesting, and kept firmly to its purpose by the director, Harry Lachman, who drives the action along at a good pace and does not allow the brief incursions of romance to slacken the tension of the story.



John Fothergill (right) has a whoopee party with Edward Smith (WALLACE EVENNETT), *a locksmith, electrician, and a staunch teetotaller. He wishes to pick up a hint or two on the subject of what makes an electric bell ring.*

FILMS YOU MUST SEE: "LOST HORIZON" (Tivoli).—"YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE" (Academy).—"KING SOLOMON'S MINES" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—**FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "I MET HIM IN PARIS" (Carlton).—"DER AMMENKOENIG" (Studio One).—"QUALITY STREET" (New Gallery).—"THE DEVIL IS DRIVING" (London Pavilion).—**FILMS ABOVE THE AVERAGE:** "MAD GIRL" (Curzon).—"DER HERRSCHER" (Berkeley Cinema).—"ON THE AVENUE" (Regal).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" BRINGS A SPATE OF LAUGHTER.

"A SPOT OF BOTHER" *is farce of the jolliest, speediest sort. Binkie Rudd* (ROBERTSON HARE) *has found that his chivalry to Lottie* (JEANNE STUART) *has placed him in a compromising situation, and is horrified, as he dreads scandal.*

Christopher Watney (ALFRED DRAYTON) *and Binkie Rudd* (ROBERTSON HARE) *discover that the Blue Inn is a haunt of smugglers. Snipe* (FRANK ROYDE), *the chief smuggler, suspects that they have stumbled on the secret passage and is preparing to look for them.*

Finding that they have stunned—or possibly killed—the wrong man, Christopher Watney (ALFRED DRAYTON) *and Binkie Rudd* (ROBERTSON HARE) *try to put their victim into an oak chest. He is Fred* (DOUGLAS PHILLIPS).

The nosey pair, Watney (ALFRED DRAYTON) *and Rudd* (ROBERTSON HARE), *get into the smugglers' secret passage, but are soon blown out by a terrific explosion and are here seen looking the worse for wear.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAGE PHOTO. CO.

IN A £30,000 HOLLYWOOD SOUTH SEA ISLAND VILLAGE.

DOROTHY LAMOUR *(l.) and* RERI *are the two lovely girls in this still from* " THE HURRICANE," *Samuel Goldwyn's latest production. The authors are Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, of " Mutiny on the 'Bounty'" fame, and the picture is directed by John Ford. A South Sea Island village has been built in Hollywood at a cost of £30,000 and, as our photograph shows, it looks highly convincing.*

AUGUST is here—and August, to so many of us, means Scotland. Long days spent out on the moors, and nights that fly all too fast when one dances the dawn in again.

Here is a frock that will live up to the Dashing White Sergeant, or to any other of the old favourites. Light as thistledown, it is made in moss-green net checked with gauged bands, its fulness, so much greater at the back than at the front, held out by its foundation of faille. It comes from Liberty's, of Regent Street, where it costs sixteen and a half guineas, and in the smaller picture you can see the little coat that the girl is wearing with it. This is made of shot lamé, and it is very short and straight, like a bolero, with huge sectional sleeves.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

JOHN EVERARD

FOR those evenings when you are dining quietly instead of dashing off to dance at a neighbouring house, there is this dignified and comfortable tea-gown of sea-blue crêpe marocain, buttoned down the front and tucked at the waist, with its very full raglan sleeves and its folded lamé scarf threaded through soft revers. This you will find at Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W., where you will also be able to get it in black and in some really lovely colours. They have as well some beautiful velvet tea-gowns, gracefully draped, and not at all expensive.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"DEAR YOUTH" is the life-story of a German governess, Sophie Bühler, in after years known to her employers, pupils and friends (they were all friends, for she never made an enemy) as Zellie. When scarcely more than a child herself, in the early 'seventies, she left her home and country to live with a French family in Paris. An extraordinary incident marked her journey, nothing more serious than a display of boorishness and high spirits; but highly bewildering and painful to the poor girl, already feeling sick in the lamp-lit railway carriage. How brilliantly Lady Wilson describes the episode!—and, for that matter, all the episodes in Zellie's life which held a touch of drama. There were not many of them, scarcely half a dozen, for a governess's life is not usually rich in drama, despite the experiences of Jane Eyre; but Lady Wilson, who has a brilliant gift for short-story writing, makes the most of them. The dramas were not always Zellie's own. She left her first post because she had, in all innocence, provided the son of the house with the means of spending a night out. The young man spun her a pathetic yarn and she believed him. Her employers believed her too; but they thought her *un peu gobeuse*, rather a goose; and she left them to join an English family—Mrs. Hamilton and her musical daughters. Here, again, there was drama, but she was too wise to plunge into it. Mrs. Hamilton, a woman for whom everything must be *comme il faut*, handled the matter. The family was whirled away from Belgium to Switzerland, and fate, playing into Mrs. Hamilton's hands, removed the music-master who had played such havoc with her daughter's heart. Sophie followed the Hamiltons to England; but she felt that her term of usefulness with them was over—

Sophie's life was inextricably bound up with the lives of others. She was a parasitic plant which grew and flourished on another, like mistletoe on an oak or an orchid on some tropical tree. She liked the latter simile; mistletoe suggested promiscuous kissing, or being locked up in a chest forever; but a cattleya in deep shade above the waters of the Amazon (did they grow there?) was a beautiful one. She began to realise that she had become too much of a parasite here, her work as governess had ended; she was only staying on at Mrs. Hamilton's urgent request. . . .

A Change. So she left them and entered another family—the family of Lord Ribblesdale, with whom (or with connections of whom) she was to be associated for the rest of her life. At this point Lady Wilson's biography changes its character somewhat. Chiefly, perhaps, because she enters it herself: as Barbara Lister, she was one of the new governess's charges. Sophie, too, becomes Zellie—the affectionate nickname suggesting that the mistletoe, or orchid, had taken a firmer hold than ever. And withal the atmosphere and feeling of the book changes, for Lady Wilson is now writing from personal memory, instead of making (with the help of Zellie's diary, it must be added) an imaginative reconstruction of a life. One result of the change, strangely enough, is to make the outlines less distinct. The first half of the book, being more fictional, is also more precise: details are observed with greater sharpness; local and historical colour (how well Lady Wilson describes the manners and fashions in Paris, just recovering from the Franco - Prussian War!) is more carefully applied. We almost feel we are reading a novel, and plume ourselves with pardonable complacency, when we find that the author has made a slip—the tortoiseshell cat has become tabby. In the second half of the book it is recollection, not æsthetic taste, which selects for illustration the high and low lights in Zellie's life. Lady Wilson's method becomes more impressionistic; we flit from country house to country house; we hear of Easton Grey, of Gisburne, of Glen; we meet Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, and the family of Sir Charles Tennant—we are introduced to the company of the Souls—of whom someone said he knew little about them except that they had beautiful bodies. In this bright galaxy Zellie perforce is a little outshone; just as her personal emotions are a little lost in the tolling of melancholy memories which begins with the Great War. But, if diminished, she is never lost sight of: the great catastrophe is seen through her eyes. Indeed, nothing in the book is more poignant than the episode of the German prisoner whose language Zellie found it so hard to speak. It is only natural that this second section should be written for a more specialised audience than the first: Sophie belongs to all the world; Zellie is the treasured darling of a charmed and charming circle, whose affectionate

MR. A. P. HERBERT, *author, playwright, and Member of Parliament, looks satisfied with life as he sits with* MRS. HERBERT *in the garden of their house at Hammersmith, overlooking the Thames. No wonder he is content, for the Matrimonial Causes Bill now only awaits the Royal Assent to make it law. Without a single division, the House of Commons accepted all the changes made by the House of Lords. When the last of the amendments had been agreed to the House gave a cheer for Mr. Herbert, who has been mainly responsible for securing the passage of one of the most controversial Bills ever promoted by a private Member. When, in his maiden speech in 1935, Mr. Herbert swore that his Bill for the reform of the divorce laws should be passed before this Parliament was over, more experienced politicians thought that this was wild optimism. They were wrong. The present Bill has taken but eight months to go through its various stages.*

[Continued overleaf.

Your Advantage

Whether you are a fierce devouring tiger or a mild lolloping rabbit at tennis, you are on equal terms when it comes to refreshment after the match.

There is nothing so cooling or invigorating as a glass of Whitbread's Pale Ale — and it keeps its brilliance and flavour in all climates and all conditions.

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I.P.S.

Continued.]

appreciation laps her round, insulating her from harsher contacts. In both cases Lady Wilson has painted a loving portrait of a lovable woman, but the second is a conversation-piece in which one's glance strays from Zellie to the illustrious figures, in relaxed and friendly attitudes, grouped round her. The second picture, too, is charged with nostalgia, and the sense of loss: emotion breathes in every line of it. Lady Wilson, who always writes beautifully, looks at the recent past with eyes that are full of tears. Some may think the note of wistfulness and longing too pronounced, but it is appropriate to the subject, and for whom may one entertain feelings of unmixed affection, if not for the dear companion of one's youth?

"Murder in Sydney."

Mr. Leonard Mann takes us into a climate so different from this, it might belong to another planet. It does actually belong to the Antipodes, to the bright, busy, bustling city of Sydney; and it is not tempered to the shorn lamb. There are plenty of these in Mr. Mann's story; the coats of self-complacency they wear at the beginning are pretty threadbare by the end. Especially is this true of Frederick Hallam and his daughter Barbara. A well-to-do business man, Hallam was accustomed to the respect of his less fortunate neighbours, and got it; while Barbara had no misgivings as to the situation in society to which her father's wealth entitled her. She did not know that he was carrying on an exciting love-affair with the too kind, too generous Chloe Morton; and that the continued existence of his invalid wife was growing daily more burdensome to him. But she did see him coming out of her mother's room, the day her mother died, wearing a look of undisguised exaltation; and she never believed that the doctor's verdict of heart-failure was the true one. Suspicion gave birth to hatred of her father, and an almost morbid worship of her dead mother. She felt his mere presence in the house an insult. So that when he announced his engagement to Chloe Morton, she was furious, and when she discovered that he, along with several other men, had been Chloe's lover during her mother's lifetime, her rage boiled over. Chloe, she decided, should never occupy her mother's room. The interview in which she informed Chloe of her decision ended in murder.

The novel now becomes a kind of inverted detective-story, in which the detectives are guessing while the reader knows the truth. Suspicion falls on Frederick Hallam, and Barbara, out of hatred of him, is content for a while that it should remain there. Both suffer agonising interrogations from the police, and at last, weakened in nerve and stricken in conscience, Barbara gives way and confesses. The trial and the verdict follow.

An Outstanding Book.

"Murder in Sydney" is a strong, bleak, sombre piece of work. Few of the characters give the author a chance of showing his command over the tenderer emotions; they are nearly all hard-bitten, if not hard-boiled. Mat Dyas, an ex-soldier who had lost his foot in the Great War, is the most sympathetic; in love with Barbara, he was also her confidant, and his strength and reliability make a kind of hard pillow for the reader's lacerated emotions. Barbara herself is a tough little creature, whose capacity for loving develops late out of a much more marked capacity for hating. Her snobbish, priggish attitude to Chloe (a much more amiable human being than herself) puts one against her, but one can see how her mind worked; she was the stuff of which murderers are made. Frederick Hallam, with his middle-aged lust and his sense of respectability and importance outraged by the inquisitiveness of the Press and the inquisitions of the police, is a suffering but an unpleasant figure, and the subsidiary characters, Hughie Stair, the hysterical journalist, and Sebastian the artist (both lovers of Chloe's) display qualities which evoke pity and respect, but not liking. We feel—and many of the characters in the story feel the same—that there is something wrong with the tone of society, poor or rich, in Sydney: can Fascism cure it, or Communism? This is the question rather disquietingly debated by gatherings of amateur politicians. Mr. Leonard Mann writes very well and with a sense of implied issues even wider and deeper than those he actually deals with. I could wish that he had not hitched his story so firmly to a crime; the interest becomes intenser, but at the same time narrower, after the murder has been committed. But none the less "Murder in Sydney" is an outstanding book, an achievement in itself and a promise of still better to come.

The marriage of MISS ELIZABETH NARCESSA MARIE ("BETTY") PAYNTER, *only daughter of Colonel C. F. Paynter, of Boskenna, St. Buryan, Cornwall, and of the late Mrs. Paynter, to* MR. OLAF POULSEN DE BAERDEMAECKER, *only son of M. and Mme. Poulsen de Baerdemaecker, of Château d'Hemelryck, La Pinte Lez Gand, Belgium, took place at St. Buryan, Cornwall. The Bishop of Truro officiated; and members of the local hunt were among the distinguished guests at the wedding. After a motoring and flying honeymoon, the young couple will settle down at Ghent.*

"Dumb Witness."

It would seem as though the simple plots for detective-stories must have been used up years ago, but Mrs. Christie has produced yet another, with a short list of suspects all with the most unimpeachable motives and opportunities. It may be alleged against her that in "Dumb Witness" she declares for a murderer who is not wholly convincing. It is quite a possible, and, psychologically, it may be the most probable, answer; but it lacks the inevitability of Mrs. Christie's best solutions.

It is sad to note that prolonged association with the brilliant Poirot has wrought no improvement in Captain Hastings' grey cells; indeed, his stupidity becomes egregious. In spite of the obviously suspicious circumstances surrounding the death of Miss Arundell he insists on thinking it accidental. Poirot gives him so many hints that the reader cannot fail to tumble to them, but they remain dark as Erebus to Hastings. Of all the characters in the book, the best drawn is Bob. Dogs have but rarely invaded the sacred precincts of detective-stories; but Bob, with his ball on the stairs, his contempt for the companion, and his conviction that the world exists to play with him, is a delightful creation, which is more than can be said for the human beings in Mrs. Christie's book.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Dear Youth. By Barbara Wilson. (*Macmillan; 12s. 6d.*)

Murder in Sydney. By Leonard Mann. (*Cape; 7s. 6d.*)

Dumb Witness. By Agatha Christie. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

I.13.

when,
after dinner,
you
leave
the men
"to their stories". .

and
for a moment
things
seem
a bit
"flat" . . .

have you ever noticed
how
a cigarette
immediately helps
to relieve
that
slightly
strained
atmosphere ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

THERE is one period of the year when golf is a little less serious a game than usual; it arrives with the August holiday, and continues for about a month. For that respite, professional golfers and those whose business it is to comment upon the play, are truly thankful. There has been so much to write about recently that it is really pleasant to hide away in a West Country hamlet, where the big and sometimes unpleasant incidents of the past few weeks may be reviewed in dispassionate calm. I cannot help reflecting upon the unfortunate outburst attributed to some of the United States Ryder Cup team on their return to America. Having spent a lot of time in the company of the American professionals while they were here, I feel convinced that they were misinterpreted when some of them seemed to convey the accusation of bad sportsmanship against British golfers. Perhaps they did not guard their replies to interviewers in the way that an experienced politician or diplomatist might have done, and therefore did not actually mean what they are reported to have said!

Some people make a terrible fuss about their favourite putters. Not so JOHN MONTAGUE, *America's wizard player, who is said by George von Elm to be "the greatest golfing machine that has ever lived." He can get long putts down with a rake just as easily as with a perfectly balanced club!*

Those Wonderful Old Gentlemen.

I am all in favour of international matches, when played in the proper friendly spirit, but I think far too much importance is attached to results. Even in the Walker Cup contest there has in the past been recrimination and criticism of the players. Either a new spirit of friendliness should accompany these international games or they should be discontinued. Personally, I like the Veterans' internationals best. These are played annually between veteran golfers teams of the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. The teams meet in the true spirit of friendly rivalry, play in three-somes and six-somes, and endeavour to win the triangular contest. Quite rightly, they make the occasion a golfing holiday combined with an international hostility which concedes nothing to the Ryder Cup or the Walker Cup contests. But these Old Gentlemen—I believe they will admit the term, since they choose the title "Veteran" and put an age-limit upon membership—set a fine example of the proper spirit for international golf. The game matters more than the result—as it should do. I doubt whether one golfer in a hundred knows that the international series to which I refer was recently decided in Britain or that Great Britain won; at least, I believe we did, although I would not be too emphatic about even that.

Proper Holiday Spirit.

In reflecting upon holiday golf, that seems to be the right spirit. Golf is a game, not a war. It offers an example which might well be followed by the young players who are just about to compete in the many junior events, including the Boys' and the Girls' Championships. These events may have a somewhat humbling effect upon the conceit of patresfamilias, but normal progress demands that youth should aim at a higher standard than their fathers' ambition ever reached. But all golf should be played in the holiday spirit, not in the spirit of dominating desire to win.

This Points a Moral.

I can recall two holiday games in which I took part recently; each has its moral. An after-dinner discussion about the rules led to a match in which my opponent and I agreed to claim every possible technical breach of the rules and exact the penalty. It so happened that I knew more about the rules than my opponent, and although he could normally concede strokes and beat me, I won the game because I claimed more penalties than he did. That, I fear, is the spirit which is entering into competitive golf, and it is one that should be killed at its birth. Almost everybody commits technical breaches of the rules but the proper time to put all but flagrant cases right is during the somewhat lengthy process of playing the "nineteenth hole." In the other instance we were playing in a holiday tournament organised by a club adjoining the hotel. My partner and I were playing our usual game, which means, of course, that before the ninth hole was reached, we had no chance. At a blind short hole the couple behind, friends of ours, struck their tee shots before we were off the green, and one ball came trickling on the green and stopped on the lip of the hole. My partner, thinking that our friends also had no hope of winning, decided, for a joke, to knock the ball into the hole. We celebrated the "hole in one" in the customary fashion. Later it was learned that my partner had won the second sweepstake — he was a stroke more than the other member of the party who had done the hole in one! It is undoubtedly best to play golf seriously, even at holiday time, but not too seriously. It is this half-way house between "blood matches" and skittles which should be the ideal during the pleasant holiday month of August.

JOHN MONTAGUE *can drive as far with a baseball club as most of us can with a beautiful steel-shafted driver purchased at considerable expense! Those who have played with him include George von Elm, who won the Amateur Championship of the U.S.A. in 1926, when he defeated Bobby Jones; and the film-stars, Menjou, Bing Crosby, George Bancroft, Guy Kibbee, and others. On one occasion he took five "birdies" in succession on the difficult Riviera course, Los Angeles.*

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*

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Don't be Vague
ask for
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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

OBTAINABLE ALSO IN SMALL SIZES

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"I CAN remember the time," The Broker recalled, "when my fortnight's holiday was far and away the most outstanding event of the year. I lived for it. I crowded whole months of excitement into those two weeks. Once, I literally cried when my holiday was postponed."

"And we all tried to dodge the August Bank Holiday in case it should rob us of one of those precious days," The City Editor supplemented.

"I saved up for mine from Easter onwards," said The Merchant. "And if I had a bob in my pocket on the evening that I got back, I would go out and spend it. Ah! but weren't those days marvellous? And now——"

"When my holiday comes round next month," said The Engineer, "you just won't be able to see the Great North Road for the dust from my car wheels. Holidays have lost none of their fascination for me, even at my time of life. I love them!"

"Well," The Broker commented, "I reckon you're lucky. As a man grows older, so he tends to become more and more disinclined to make the necessary effort to shut down everything and to shoot off."

"That's one of the advantages of having wives and daughters. They do compel a man to have a change, and after all, they're perfectly right. He is a fool who sticks in his silly little rut if he has the chance of getting out of it."

"It would be bad for the railways and the shipping companies, to say nothing of the air-services and the coaches, if we didn't get bitten with this holiday urge. The Home Railway dividends are better than most people expected; they've done the market quite a considerable bit of good, haven't they?"

"There must be thousands of people who to-day feel happier over their Home Railway stocks than they did a month ago."

"Thousands?" queried The Merchant. "Sure you don't mean hundreds?"

"I think he's right in saying 'thousands,'" The City Editor agreed. "And they will spend all the happier a holiday because of the Home Railway results."

"And because of the rise in shipping shares as well. There's a heap of British money locked up in the shipping market, you know."

"The passenger aeroplanes to the Continent must be doing record business," The Broker assumed. "Everybody's dashing off to France or Germany."

"And everybody else is going to Switzerland. Excepting those people who are booked up for Norway or the northern capitals."

"And yet," said The Engineer, "most of the British holiday places——"

"Haunts; not places," interrupted The Jobber. "One always has to go to 'haunts' for holidays. You ought to know that."

"'Haunts'," The Engineer protested, "to my mind imply smugglers, and caves; mystery and ghosts."

"Quite so. Southend, Margate, and Blackpool are the market in all of those. You buy a packet of shipping shares before you start and when you return, it is to find the prices have risen sufficiently to pay all your expenses and leave you with a bob to spend. See the bright idea?"

"His bright eye haunts me still," murmured The Broker; "but do you think that the purchase of a few shipping shares can be trusted to pay the holiday expenses of a thrifty-minded cuss like me?"

"You never know. I like that 'thrifty-mindedness.' Has it been coming on for long?"

"And," evaded The Broker, "I do think there's money to be made in coal shares."

"William Cory?"

"They are very sound. What I rather meant, though, were shares in companies that produce the coal, you know."

"Are they supposed to be doing well?"

"From what I gather in the North and Midlands, the coal-getters are making unusually big profits just now——"

"If they are, doesn't that suggest labour demands?"

"I'm told that it doesn't. No doubt there's always the chance of such a thing to be kept in mind, but for a twelvemonth's run, the coal companies' shares are the goods. You may have to sleep on them for a while, yet the dividends should keep you warm all through the winter."

"I don't fancy the idea of sleeping on coals," objected The Jobber. "Especially if they are kitchen nuts. And dividends don't always come up to what you expect."

"Very well. But you mark my words. And if you're not very disappointed six months hence at having failed to profit by my alleged sage advice, I'll—I'll eat coke."

"Better make it your hat. Less indigestible," The Jobber counselled. "I've still got those Tanganyika preference you put me into some time back. Rotten tip, that was."

"And well do I know it," The Broker said penitently. "Those shares have let a lot of us down pretty heavily. You mustn't forget that it's this present year which should put the company into a decent position and give us hope——"

"Hope? It's all hope. Like a good many other mining shares."

"Cheer up, Miserable! No use getting cross about it. You and I have been through a good many times like these, and we know that things will buck up again sooner or later. Even the rubber market will revive one of these days."

"Doesn't look much like it at present," The Merchant remarked.

"I think," said The Jobber, "that when any market is going to make a genuine turn for the better, somebody should go round the Stock Exchange ringing a bell, and telling us that it's time to take our seats for the rise."

"That's not a bad idea," agreed The Engineer ironically. "But if it were put into practice, wouldn't all the sellers disappear as fast as ices before a schoolgirl home for holidays?"

"I admit that there might be a difficulty there. But it should be capable of arrangement somehow. No; off-hand, I can't tell you. For further particulars, you must await small bills. Meanwhile, do you hear the sound of my bell anywhere?"

"South Africans?" proposed The City Editor. "Don't you think we shall see a rise in De Beers?"

"Are Americans buying diamonds now?"

"I can't say. All I know is that diamonds come into favour when trade is good in any country."

"De Beers are all right if you can put them away and wait for results."

"You've got to do that in anything. These are not the days when you buy shares this morning and expect to sell 'em at a decent profit in the afternoon."

"There's nothing against your expecting such an improbability——"

"It's odd how the expected fails to happen," The Merchant observed. "You might have supposed that any company connected with branches of the iron and steel trade would be very popular with investors; we all know what a demand there is for their goods. Yet the share market is merely sticky."

"It's largely due to the companies' difficulties in obtaining raw supplies. The Government comes first. Companies have full order books, but only a limited quantity of material. You can't make profits from orders which you're unable to execute."

"You should see my limit-book," said The Broker. "I have dozens of orders to buy for clients who want to pick up shares at the prices of a month ago. Of course, the things have all gone up since then."

"It rather suggests that the public have money to spend, but that they were frightened to come in at the time your prices were flat."

"Just then, though, it looked as if everything was falling through the floor. You can't wonder that people were afraid of touching stocks and shares."

"I was afraid myself," replied The Broker. "And I'm still a bit worried——"

"Chump!" scoffed The Jobber. "What's the use of talking like that? Worrying does no good. It makes no difference. So why worry? That's what I always say. After all, the Stock Exchange is the Stock Exchange, and you know what that means."

"What?" asked The Engineer, incautiously.

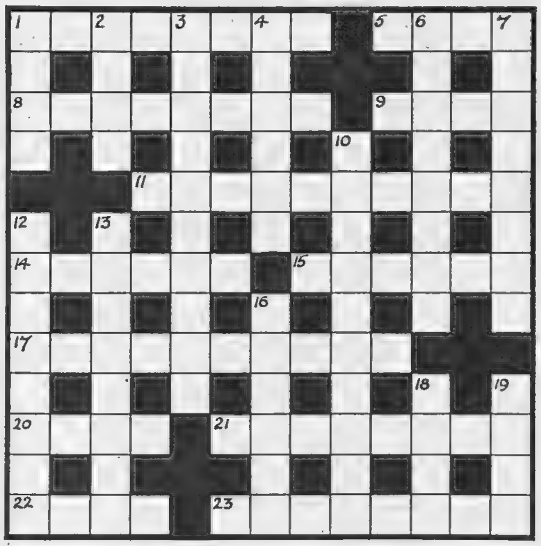
"It means that what you buy goes down, and what you sell goes up. So, as I said before, why worry?"

"You're perfectly right," laughed The Broker. "But there are times——"

"When one very obviously requires a holiday," The Engineer concluded.

Friday, July 31, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Capital lace, isn't it? (8).
5. You must take a back seat, since this is partly in its proper place (4).
8. Shows relative position of king and subject (8).
9. Does not hold with Trade Unions (4).
11. "Counterfeit, I assure you!"—as Rosalind hath it (10).
14. Crowded nursing-home holds over 150, I see (6).
15. No ordinary hen could lay this (6).
17. Apollo's gift (2 words: 6 and 4),
20. Nothing beyond noise heralds this deity (4).
21. So invested, a person considers things safe (8).
22. How did dressmaker turn out your new frock? (4).
23. She and her sisters support the home (8).

DOWN.

1. Phœnician god survives in a Welsh lake (4).
2. Shrubs include furze, but fortunately *not* pea. It would cause irritation! (4).
3. Contains practically a cubic metre, my girl, yet has no room for bacteria (10).
4. Balaklava and Tennyson saw half of it. Shall we see it whole? (6).
5. Can you find a slow pup, to say nothing of his tail? (8).
7. Town planning will do this (8).
10. Dan began to spin yarns in Southwark, but ecclesiastic christened them (10).
12. Thus, gentlemen, reverse a sharp pair! (8).
13. Exhortation to become insignificant really takes this in. Singular! (8).
16. Always something new out of —— (6).
18. They might come limply to this by the wayside (4).
19. Narrow it in the North, where ditto ditto so often blows (4).

This England . . .

Near Keswick

IT is going to rain. Bother—says the townsman; Again—grumbles the farmer needing no excuse; The worst year since eighteen eighty something—writes the journalist in search of news. And it goes on raining. It may be true that in this England we have no climate—only weather, and a lot of that! How is it then that we are not a people of agues and fevers instead of this ruddy and well-liking mien? Because we nourish ourselves soundly, seeking Nature's protection against her own vagaries. Because without the rain our soil would not be so rich, nor grow the great golden-bearded barley that, malted, makes our Worthington—the greatest weatherproof of them all.

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MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

BY sheer merit the 4·3-litre Alvis has won a place amongst the élite of the world's cars. Its speed alone would give it the right to be considered one of the finest cars, for it is capable of a round 95 m.p.h. The fastidious motorist, however, demands more than sheer speed. He has no use, nowadays, for the blaring exhaust of the out-and-out sports model and the hard riding associated with cars of this type. He demands silky running, silence and ease of control, and in the 32-h.p. 4·3-litre Alvis saloon he gets all three. I drove this car over 1,000 miles. I liked it from the start, and liked it a great deal more at the end of my test. That it is capable of high speeds on its intermediate gears, apart from the more than useful maximum, makes it great fun to drive, particularly so because one feels all the time that it is under perfect control. The steering is both light and quick, the vacuum-servo operated brakes are amongst the smoothest I have come across, and the visibility from the driving seat perfection itself. Add to this an exceptionally willing and flexible engine and a completely crash-proof four-speed gear-box, and you will form some idea of the attractions of this motor-car.

If you are in a hurry, you can get off the mark and be doing 60 m.p.h. in a quarter of a minute. On straight, open roads you can be up in the "90's" in no time. At the same time, if you feel lazy you can stay in top gear, climbing steep hills easily and smoothly, and trickling through traffic without a sign of roughness. As far as main roads are concerned, the 4·3-litre Alvis might almost be described as a "one-gear car" once it is under way. I did not take any times of point-to-point journeys while the car was in my hands, but I can assure you that I was surprised at the ease and safety with which these trips were made. This is the sort of car in which you reach your destination much sooner than you expect, for open corners and bends on the road are taken almost without slackening speed, while overtaking, thanks to the splendid visibility from the driving seat and the lightning-like acceleration, never gives an instant's anxiety. The driving position is "just right," the gear lever is exactly where you would expect it to be, the hand-brake really works and the pedals and steering wheel are admirably placed. The comfort afforded is of a particularly high order, for the independent front wheel suspension, by a massive transverse leaf-spring, copes with every kind of road irregularity, besides ensuring first-class road-holding. The provision of a hand-controlled shock-absorber regulator enables the springing to be made hard or soft, according to the load carried and the speed of the car, or just to give that extra feeling of "tautness" which some drivers like.

Coupled with an almost completely silent engine and transmission and an utter lack of vibration, its comfort makes the Alvis a most distinguished as well as a very sporting car. This combination of performance and refinement can result only from workmanship of the highest standard, such as one would expect from men who are also engaged in the production of aeroplane engines. There is, of course, a choice of very fine bodies on the 4·3-litre Alvis chassis, coachwork both dignified and sporting. The particular car I tried had a special Vanden Plas four-door pillarless saloon body, but the standard saloon body is equally comfortable, and has ample luggage accommodation. With full equipment and ready for the road, the 4·3-litre Alvis costs £995.

MONTE CARLO THRILLS.

If you want to be thrilled as you have never been thrilled before, jump into an aeroplane, a train or a car and dash down to Monte Carlo this week. On Sunday, August 8, will be held the famous "Race of a Thousand Corners," the amazing event run through the hilly streets and along the curved quay-sides of Monaco. I have attended every motor race of importance for the last fifteen years, and I can tell you that nothing thrills me like the Monaco Grand Prix. The fastest cars in the world fight it out over a unique course, with ten corners per lap. The circuit includes a 1-in-10 climb from the harbour to the Casino, a steep, winding descent, a curving road through a long tunnel, hairpin bends and right-angle turns. In spite of all these obstacles, fantastic average speeds are maintained, though the Mercédès-Benz cars which are taking part can only reach half their maximum speed of 230 m.p.h. The Mercédès team consists of such aces as Caracciola, von Brauchitsch, Lang and Zehender, while the rear-engined Auto-Unions will be handled by Stuck, Fagioli, von Delius and Rosemeyer. Nuvolari, reckoned the finest driver in the world to-day, will handle one of the new 12-cylinder Alfa-Romeo racers and in addition there is an international entry of independent first-class drivers with extremely speedy cars.

TWO extra horse-power

If yours is, for example, a 12 h.p. car and you are using an unsuitable petrol which causes "pinking," your engine is probably developing only 10 h.p. By changing over to "BP" Ethyl you can banish "pinking" and get two extra horse-power. This is because "BP" Ethyl is specially made to suit the modern high-compression engine.

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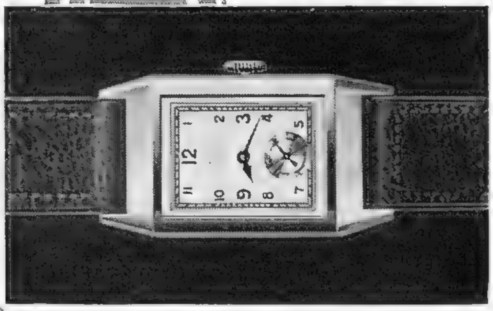
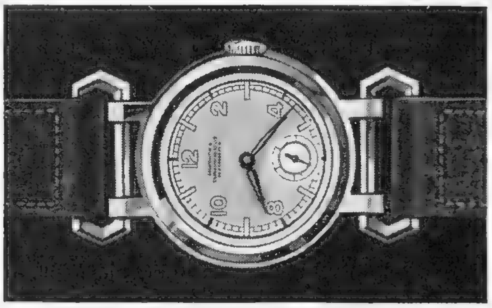
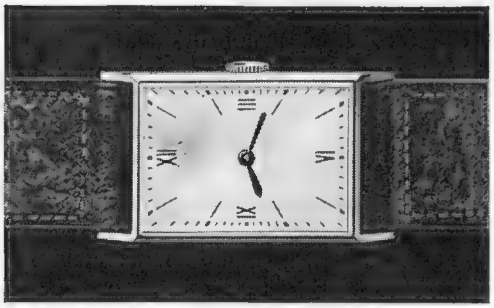
CVS—22

BY APPOINTMENT

FINER WATCHES FOR MEN







Obviously when you choose a watch you ask yourself "Does this watch please my eye, and will it continue to please me?" and "Will it keep accurate time?"

You, of course, can judge the appearance. But when you come to general workmanship, and still more to timekeeping, there are two courses open to you.

If you can afford to gamble, you can leave time itself to decide the watch's true worth. Or you can rely on the good name of the firm with which you deal.

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company has a name second to none in this country. And they have a range of watches so wide that you can be practically certain of finding what you, personally, are looking for, however unusual. *Every one of these watches is unconditionally guaranteed for two years.*

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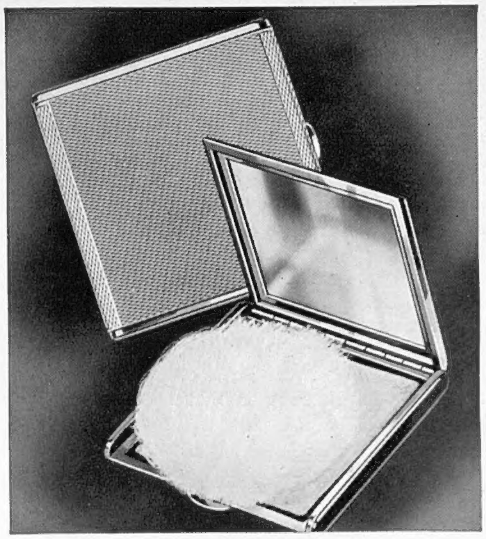
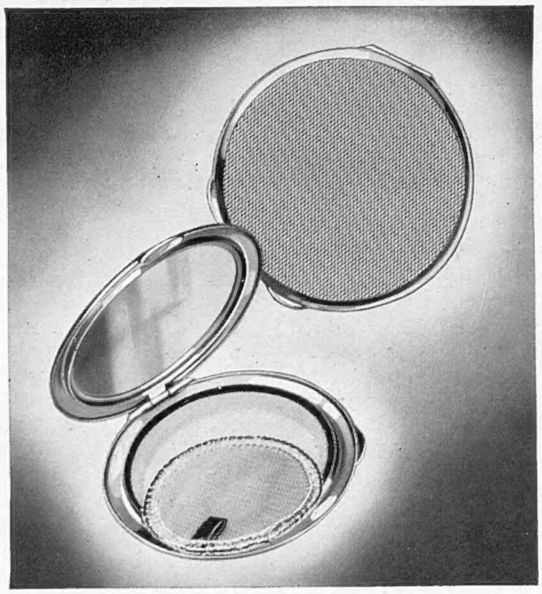


Gold and Black Onyx £20 0 0



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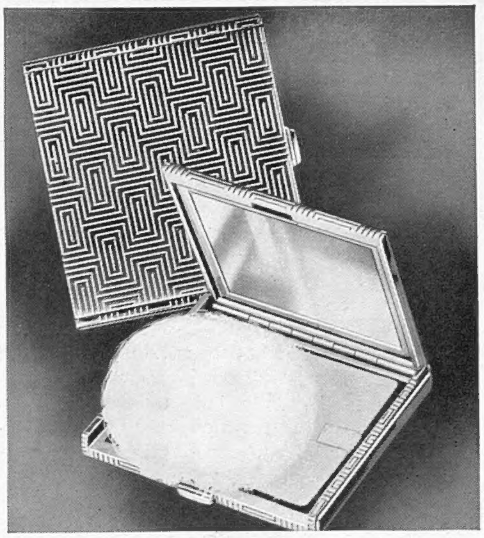

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCX.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

THE great majority of bridge players only enjoy playing big hands—lay down certainties for choice; also they only like to read about big hands—hands, at any rate, on which the contract can be made by correct play. Personally, I have no use for the giant "pianola" hands; I get no fun in playing them (it is, in fact, more interesting to play against them), but I do enjoy the play of a hand, on which the contract is just there and only just there, and that with a little luck thrown in. There are, however, innumerable other sorts of hands, and I think it a pity more interest is not taken in them, and that they are not more talked about, for you can take it from me many hundreds of points can be saved by playing the hands I refer to to the best of their advantage. Consider the many hands you come up against, on which your contract is impossible; do you always then play just "to make the best of it" and nothing more? Suppose you are playing a hopeless three no-trumps; well, then, all you should try for is two no-trumps, and if that is hopeless as well then get busy to make one no-trump; in short, make the best of every hand, and don't, whatever you do, drop a few of your certain tricks in attempting to make impossible ones. Look at this hand where I was B—

Spades—K, 9, 8, 7. Hearts—5, 4, 3.
Clubs—10, 6, 5, 4, 3. Diamonds—Kn.

B

Spades—Q, Kn. Spades—10, 6, 5, 4, 3.
Hearts—A, K, Kn, 10, 9, 8. Y Z Hearts—Q, 7, 6.
Clubs—9. Clubs—A, 8, 7.
Diamonds—Q, 9, 8, 3. Diamonds—4, 2.

A

Spades—A, 2. Hearts—2.
Clubs—K, Q, Kn, 2. Diamonds—A, K, 10, 7, 6, 5.

Both sides vulnerable. A dealt and bid one diamond, and finally landed himself in five diamonds, over four hearts. Y doubled. Y led king, ace of hearts. A ruffed the second round and led the king of clubs. Z won and led the queen of hearts. A ruffed and pulled two rounds of trumps. When the queen did not fall the contract was lost. Now the question is, should A lead a third round of trumps and chance the drop of both adverse trumps? If that comes off he makes the rest. He took the chance, Y won, removed A's last trump, and ran off three good heart tricks. A was five down—1400 points! The third round of trumps was a bad risk; A should play for safety and allow both adverse trumps to make tricks; in this way he will be but two down—500, or a saving of 900 points.

Here is another more or less similar case—

Spades—x, x, x. Hearts—A, 10, x.
Clubs—Kn, 10, 8. Diamonds—A, Kn, x, x.

B

Spades—K, Q, x, x, x. Spades—Kn, 10.
Hearts—x, x. Y Z Hearts—9, x, x, x.
Clubs—A. Clubs—9, x, x, x, x, x.
Diamonds—K, Q, 10, 8, 7. Diamonds—6.

A

Spades—A, 9, x Hearts—K, Q, Kn, 8.
Clubs—K, Q, x. Diamonds—9, x, x.

The contract was four hearts. Y led the king of diamonds. Here A must lose two spades, one club and one diamond. Hence all A should strive for is to make nine tricks and be only one down. And these tricks are sure, counting one spade, four hearts, two clubs, and two diamonds. But A thought he'd be clever and passed up the king of diamonds. Y led another diamond and Z ruffed and led a club. Y won and led another diamond for Z to ruff and lead another club, which Y ruffed. Here are five tricks lost and still the two spades to lose, so A was four down instead of one, and as he was vulnerable, he sacrificed 300 points. These situations, and they crop up time after time—it might almost be said an example occurs in every rubber—go to prove what has been pointed out in these notes over and over again—*far more is lost at contract bridge on the play than on the bidding*, and they also show that a friend of mine, whom I quoted here some little time ago, knew what he was talking about. "I make money at bridge by making the best of bad cards." And he added, "*Nearly* everybody can play good cards, very few can play bad ones!" So let me once more advise you to give *all* your thoughts to the play of the cards.

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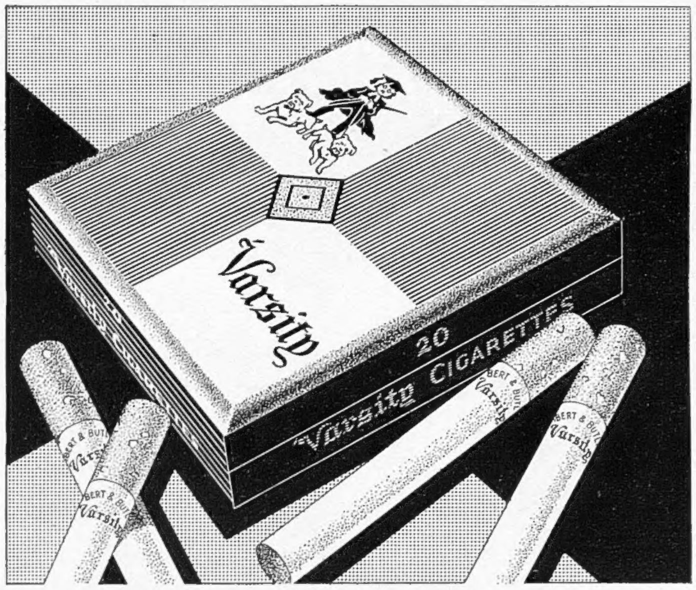

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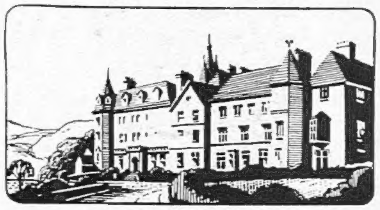

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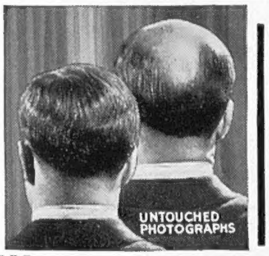

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